UNCLE JOSH'S

TRUNK-FULL OF FUN.

A PORTFOLIO OF FIRST-CLASS WIT AND HUMOR,

AND NEVER-ENDING SOURCE OF JOLLITY.

CONTAINING THE RICHEST COLLECTION OF
COMICAL STORIES, CRUEL
SELLS, SIDE-SPLITTING JOKES, HUMOROUS
POETRY, QUAINT PARODIES, BURLESQUE SERMONS, NEW
CONUNDRUMS, AND MIRTH PROVOKING SPEECHES EVER PRINTED.
INTERSPERSED WITH CURIOUS PUZZLES, AMUSING CARD
TRICKS AND FEATS OF PARLOR MAGIC.

What's the use of sighing?
Care 's a silly calf;
If to live you're trying,
The only way 's to laugh!

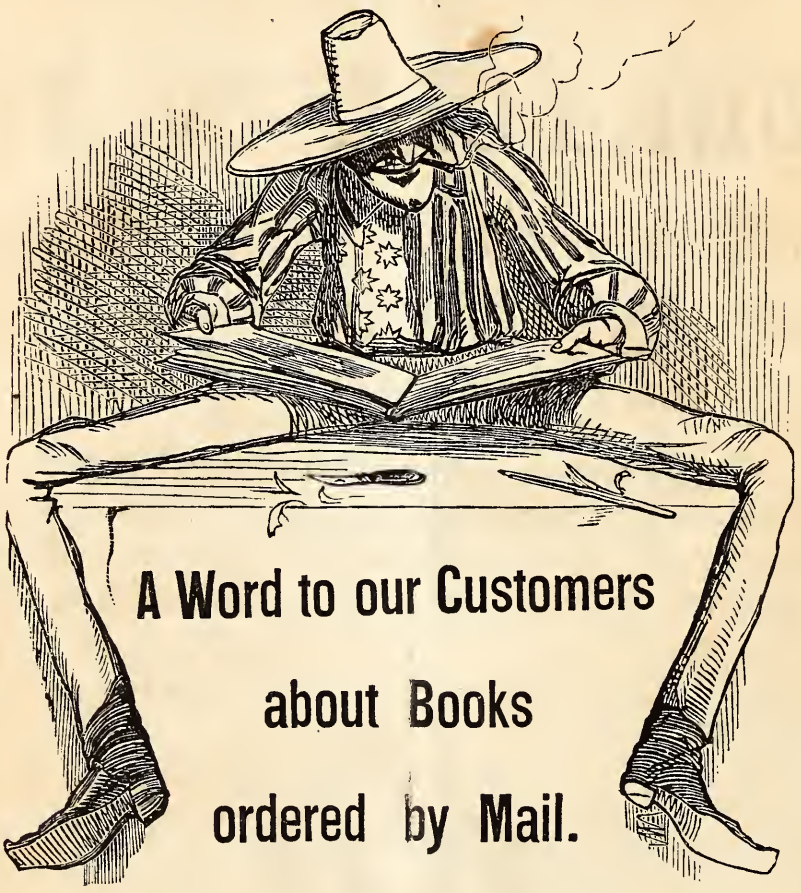
BY JOSHUA JEDIDIAH JINKS, STEAMBOAT CAPTING.

THE WHOLE ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY 200 FUNNY ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS,
No. 18 ANN STREET.

GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSE,

DICK & FITZGERALD'S



NO. 18 ANN ST., NEW YORK.

A Word to our Customers about Books ordered by Mail.

We have done a large book trade through the mails for more than twenty years past, and from this long experience we think we can do that kind of business thoroughly. Our customers generally find this out to be true when they try other houses; for they always come back, which is a good sign. It looks like a simple and easy task to put up a package of books, write on it the purchaser's name and address correctly, and put it in the post-office. So it would be if all persons who send for books would write plainly and give their address properly. But here lies the difficulty. A good many people do not write plainly; others neglect to give their full address; and some forget even to sign their names to their orders. When we get an order that is obscure or uncertain, we write to the person sending it for an explanation; and where the writer has neglected to sign his name, we notify the postmaster, who generally manages to find him out. Sometimes, however, we get money from our customers, and, with all our care and attention, we cannot find out who sent it. It frequently happens that an *old customer* will fail to give his proper address, because he supposes he has done enough business with us to have us remember his address; but we must remind our friends that when they send to this office, it is necessary they should write their address in full on every letter. *We receive so many letters every day that it is impossible for us to remember the Post-Office, County, and State where any particular person receives books. No matter how often you write, put on a plain direction where we are to send the answer. Name, Post Office, County, and State.* (See directions on page 36.)

Be sure and send all orders, inclosing cash, to

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, No. 18 Ann Street, New York,

And your order will be attended to, and sent by mail or express, the same day it is received. *In remitting, send Post Office money order when it can be obtained.*

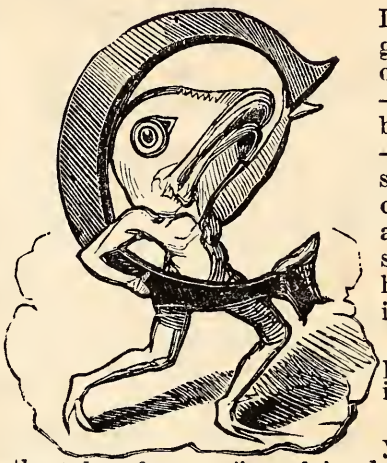
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Dick & Fitzgerald, in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

UNCLE JOSH'S TRUNK-FULL OF FUN.

When Master Merryman enters the ring with a bound and somersault, and says, "*Here we are!*" the audience immediately are put in good humor, and are prepared to laugh at anything and everything he utters.

So we throw ourselves before the public with the greeting, "Here *we* are!" and respectfully solicit your kind and indulgent attention to the repast prepared for your delight. Uncle Josh has prepared the feast, therefore eat, drink, read, and be jolly.

Dr. Burchard was once called in to comfort a very sick old sinner, and during the interview proposed to pray for him. In the course of his supplication, he prayed that the sick man might be brought to see the error of his ways, and that he might have a *new heart.* At this point of the ceremony, the invalid interposed: "Stop! stop! Doctor Burchard! You're all wrong! There ain't anything the matter with my *heart;* that's all right enough. It's my *liver* that's ailin'!"



IVE me a bid, gentlemen; some one start the cart—do give us a bid if you please—any thing to start the cart," cried an excited auctioneer, who stood in the cart he was endeavoring to sell.

"Anything you please to start it."

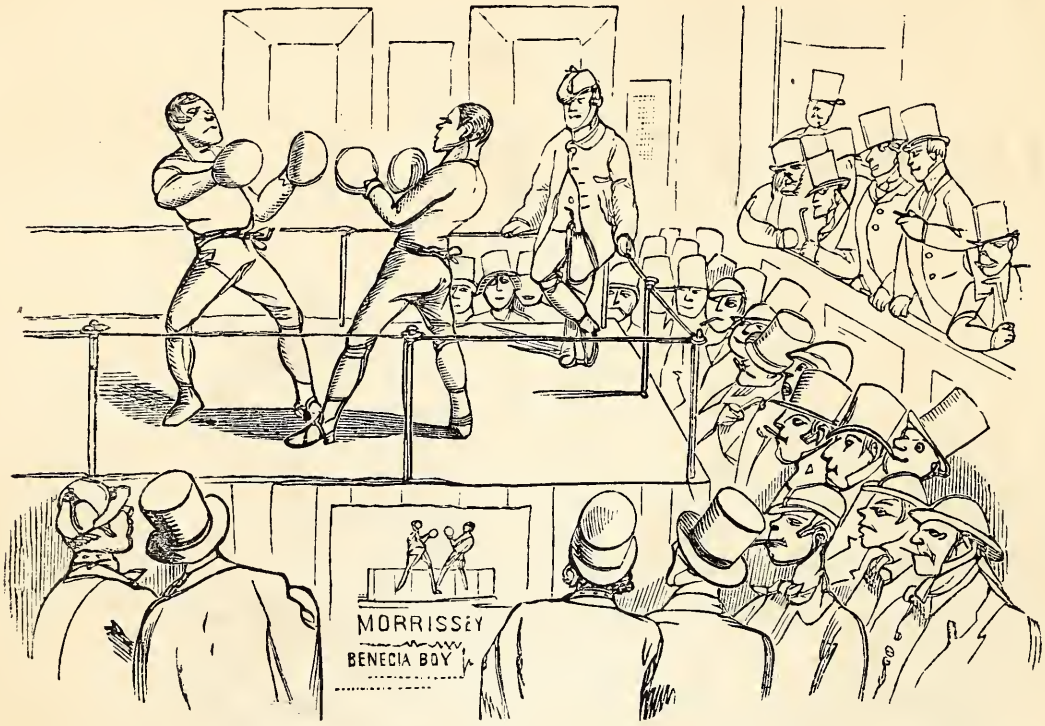
"If dat's all you wants, I'll sthart her for you," exclaimed a broad-backed countryman, applying his shoulder to the wheel, and, giving the cart a sudden push forward, tumbled the auctioneer over the side. By the time the fallen auctioneer regained his feet, the countryman had started too.

Not long ago, on the coast of Africa, a captain was going to throw one of the crew, that was dying, overboard. So the man says: "You ain't going to bury me alive, are you?" "Oh!" says the captain, "you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes!"

A couple of ladies got into a New York omnibus which was so full of passengers that only one could get a seat. The anxious driver looked down into the stage and said: "Haven't you got a seat, madam?" Lady—"Oh! yes; but I have no place to put it!"

"A North Carolina rebel was relating how "the Yanks" fired upon his company while marching through a thick wood. They gladly obeyed an order to lie down; but there was nothing to shield them from the terrible volleys of the enemy. "Why didn't you get behind a tree?" asked a listener. "Tree the d—l!" replied reb.; "there wasn't trees enough for the officers."

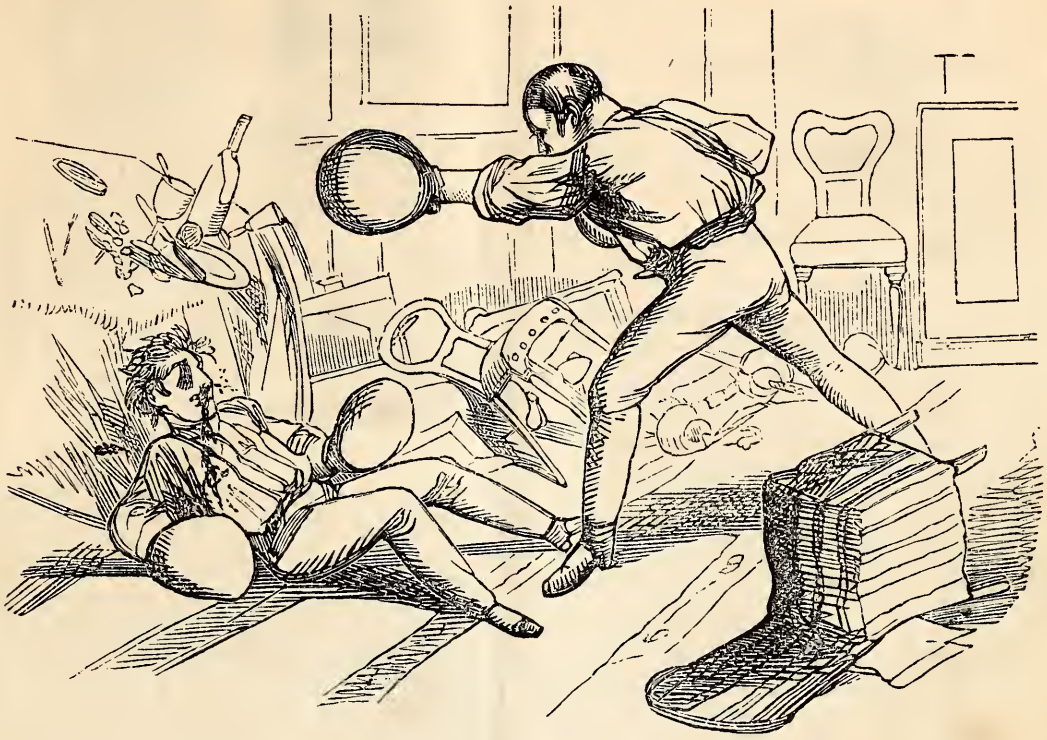
Brisbane's Golden Ready Reckoner.—A useful Assistant in buying and selling various commodities, showing at once the amount of articles or quantity of goods, either by the gallon, quart, pint, ounce, pound, quarter, hundred, yard, foot, inch, bushel, etc., in an easy and plain manner. To which are added Interest Tables, and a great number of other Tables and Rules for calculation never before in print. By William D. Brisbane, A. M., Accountant. Bound in boards, cloth back. Price 35 cents.



Master Goldgob, having witnessed a sparring exhibition, resolves to learn the manly art of self-defence.

He seeks the professional aid of Mr. Bungeye, the Ben-cia boy.

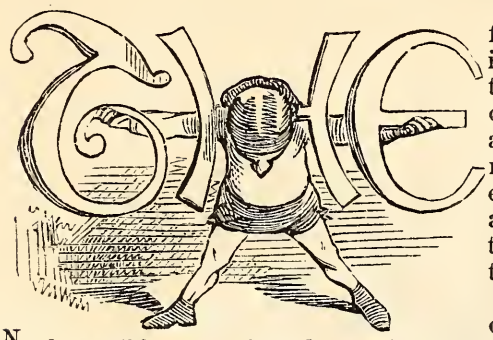
Receives his introductory lesson—"how to strike a first position"—with fierceness and confidence.



But the second lesson—"how to put in a scientific lick"—rather astonishes him.

And makes him see stars.

Master Goldgob, as he appeared after the excitement of the second lesson was over.



The following is a true copy of a letter received from across the water:

"My dear Nephew—I have not heard anything from ye sens the last time I wrote ye. I have moved from the place where I now live or I should have written to you before. I did not kno where a letter mit find you first, but I now take my pen in hand to drop you a few lines to inform you of the deth of your own livin uncle Killpatrick. He died very suddenly after a long lingering illness of six months. Poor man he suffered a great deal. He lay a long time in convulsions, perfectly speechless, all the time talking incoherently and inquiring for water. I am very much at a loss to tell ye what his deth is occasioned at, but the doctor thinks it was occasioned by his last sickness for he was not well ten days at a time during his confinement. His age ye kno jist as well as I can tell ye—he was twenty-five years old lacking fifteen months, and if he had lived till this time he would been six months ded jest.

"N.B.—Take notis I enclose a tin pound note which your father sends to you unbenone to me. Your mother often spakes of ye—she wud like to send ye the brindle cow and I wud enclose her to ye but for her horruns.

"I would beg of ye not to brake the sale of this letter until two or three days after ye read it for which time ye'll be better prepared for the sorrowful news. PAT O'BRANIGAN."

We were told of a good kind of man, not many miles from here, who was approached by a party who asked him for a subscription to buy a chandelier for the church. "Ho!" said he, "chandelier! what is the use of that? after you get it, you can't get anybody to play on it."

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travellers. It is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

"TRUMP'S" AMERICAN HOYLE; or, Gentleman's Hand-book of Games. Containing clear and complete descriptions of all the games played in the United States, with the American rules for playing them; including Whist, Euchre, Bezique, Cribbage, All-Fours, Loo, Poker, Brag, Piquet, Ecarte, Boston, Cassino, Chess, Checkers, Backgammon, Dominoes, Billiards, and a hundred other games. This work is designed to be an American authority in all games of skill and chance, and will settle any disputed point. It has been prepared with great care by the editor, with the assistance of a number of gentlemen players of skill and ability, and is not a rehash of English games, but a live American book, expressly prepared for American readers. THE AMERICAN HOYLE contains 525 pages, is printed on fine white paper, bound in cloth, with extra gilt side and bevelled boards, and is profusely illustrated with engravings explaining the different games. Price, $2 00.

INNOCENCE is sometimes severe.

A little girl meeting a countryman driving a load of slaughtered hogs, dropped a courtesy. The rustic laughed, without returning the civility.

"What!" said he, "do you courtesy to dead hogs?"

"No, sir," replied the little miss; "I courtesied to the live one."

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN. A book of Etiquette and Eloquence. Containing information and instruction for those who desire to become brilliant or conspicuous in general society, or at parties, dinners, or popular gatherings, etc. It gives directions how to use wine at table, with rules for judging the quality thereof; rules for carving, and a complete etiquette of the dinner table, including dinner speeches, toasts and sentiments, wit and conversation at table, etc. It has also an American Code of Etiquette and Politeness for all occasions; Model Speeches, with directions how to deliver them; Duties of the Chairman at Public Meetings; Forms of Preambles and Resolutions, etc. It is a handsomely bound and gilt volume of 335 pages. Price, $1 50.

On verdant bank my Katie sat,
'Mid buttercup and daisy,
While I reclined, without my hat,
And felt enthralled, but lazy.

Simple, yet e'en sublime our fare—
Ham sandwiches I brought her;
Cape-sherry, too, my love had there—
She liked it—mixed with water.

Stern fate! As thus, in calmest bliss,
My love and I sat eating,
She paused; what blight was this?
My heart 'gan wildly beating.

Breathless I ask: "Why, why that tear?
That cheek so brightly blushing?
That classic brow so white and clear,
Deep as the sunset flushing?

"Tell me, oh! tell me quick, the cause!"
Not long sweet Katie hid it;
With deep-drawn sigh, she said, "O laws!
It was the mustard did it!"

BARTON'S COMIC RECITATIONS AND HUMOROUS DIALOGUES. Containing a variety of Comic Recitations in Prose and Poetry, Amusing Dialogues, Burlesque Scenes, Eccentric Orations, Stump Speeches, Humorous Interludes, and Laughable Farces. Designed for School Commencements and Amateur Theatricals. Edited by James Barton. This is the best collection of humorous pieces, especially adapted to the Parlor Stage, that has ever been published. 16mo., 180 pp., paper, price 30 cents. Bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.

IN a town some fifty miles from Boston, the members of a religious society were in the practice of holding conference meetings in the church, at which they made a kind of confession, technically called recounting one's "experience." A very pious member of the church, Mr. D——, was in the habit of inviting his neighbor, Mr. L——, who was not a church member, to attend these meetings, at one of which Mr. D—— got up and stated to the congregation that he was a great sinner—that he sinned daily, with his eyes open—that he willingly and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt not in him—that he was absolutely and totally depraved—that nothing but the boundless mercy and infinite goodness of God could save him from eternal damnation. After this confession of Mr. D——, Mr. L., who had by accident been placed upon the anxious seat, was called upon to recount his "experience." He arose with the most imperturbable gravity; stated that he had very little to say of himself; but the brethren would remember that he had lived for five-and-twenty years the nearest neighbor of Mr. D——; that he knew him well—more intimately so than any other man—and it gave him great pleasure—because he could do it with entire sincerity—"to confirm the truth of all brother D—— had confessed of himself." When Mr. L—— sat down, under the visible and audible smile of the whole congregation, the parson not excepted, Mr. D—— went up to him and said: "You are a rascal and a liar, and I'll lick you when you get out of church."

THE AMERICAN HOME COOK-BOOK. Containing several hundred excellent Recipes. The whole based on many years' experience of an American Housewife. Illustrated with engravings. All the Recipes in this book are written from actual experiments in cooking. There are no copyings from theoretical cooking recipes. Bound in boards, cloth back, price 50 cents; paper cover, price 50 cents.

"Mine fren, have you seen von little poodle dog, with his tail slit and his ears cut short off behind, what I did lose next week, as I was walking up de river in de d——n steamboat?" "I did not, Monsieur, but expect to every minute." "Begar, if he be drown, I vill kill him six times in two places."

It is easier and cheaper to get books from New York than people generally imagine. You have only to write a few words—the postage on the letter is only three cents—and the book comes free of postage, and arrives by return mail. In this way, people who live in the most remote locality can get the newest and cheapest books at the publishers' lowest prices. (See directions on page 3.)

A Texas journal says that one of the editor's interesting female friends awoke one night just about the witching time, and, in a state of dreadful doubt and anxiety, informed her alarmed sister that she did not know whether she was going to die or only wanted to take a walk. This reminds us of a very uninteresting old maid we once saw, who, during a religious revival, was induced to go forward to be prayed for. One of the ministers asked her if she felt herself under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Placing her hand on her stomach, she replied: "I feel something here; but I don't know whether it is wind or religion."

MORGAN'S FREEMASONRY EXPOSED AND EXPLAINED. Showing the Origin, History, and Nature of Masonry; its effect on the Government and the Christian Religion; and Containing a Key to all the Degrees of Freemasonry. Giving a clear and correct view of the manner of conferring the different degrees, as practised in all Lodges throughout the globe. Price, 25 cents.

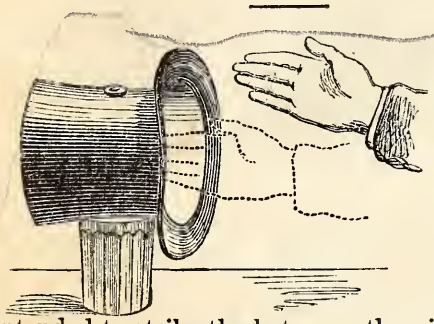
I want, ah me! I want a heart,
But not a heart for love,
To feel the smart of Cupid's dart,
And also rhyme with dove.

I do not want a manly heart,
With high desires to glow,
Or feel what friendship can impart,
And sympathy bestow.

The heart for which I long is none
Of man's—nor yet of maid's.
I only want a little one
To trump that trick in spades.

A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said his wife, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," said he, "this is my last folly."

RAREY & KNOWLSON'S COMPLETE HORSE TAMER AND FARRIER. A new and improved edition, containing Mr. Rarey's whole Secret of Subduing and Breaking Vicious Horses, together with his Improved Plan of Managing Young Colts, and breaking them to the Saddle, the Harness, and the Sulkey, with rules for selecting a good horse, for feeding horses, etc. Also, THE COMPLETE FARRIER; or, *Horse Doctor:* a Guide for the Treatment of Horses in all Diseases to which that noble animal is liable, being the result of fifty years' extensive practice of the author, John C. Knowlson, during his life, an English farrier of high popularity; containing the latest discoveries in the cure of Spavin. Illustrated with descriptive engravings. Bound in boards, cloth back, 50 cents.



Place a hat, tumbler, and quarter as represented in the cut; then, after making several feints, as if you intended to strike the hat upon the rim, give the hat a sharp, quick blow upon the inside of the crown, and the coin will fall into the tumbler. This is a beautiful trick, if skilfully performed.

EPIGRAM.

Said a thief to a wit, "There's no knowing one's friends
Until they've been tried and found steady."
"Very true," said the wit; "but all yours, I presume,
Have been *tried* and found guilty already."

INQUIRE WITHIN FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW; or, Over 3,500 Facts for the People. Illustrated. 12mo., 436 large pages. *Inquire Within* is one of the most valuable and extraordinary volumes ever presented to the American public, and embodies nearly 4,000 facts, in most of which any person living will find instruction, aid, and entertainment. *Inquire Within* is sold at the low price of $1 50, and yet it contains 436 pages of closely-printed matter, and is handsomely and strongly bound. It is a doctor, a gardener, a schoolmaster, a dancing-master, an artist, a naturalist, a modeller, a cook, a lawyer, a surgeon, a chess-player, a chemist, a cosmetician, a brewer, an accountant, an architect, a "letter-writer," a "Hoyle," and a universal guide to all kinds of useful and fancy employment, amusement, and money-making. Besides all this information—and we have not room to give an idea of a hundredth part of it—it contains so many valuable and useful Recipes, that an enumeration of them requires seventy-two columns of fine type for the index. Price, $1 50.

"Isn't it pleasant to be surrounded by such a crowd of ladies?" said a pretty woman to a popular lecturer. "Yes," said he; "but it would be pleasanter to be surrounded by one."

"Jennie," said a Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his permission to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar—"Jennie, it's a solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it's a great deal solemner not to."

The name of God is spelled in four letters in almost every languge, thus: In Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Theos; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Aden; Syrian, Adad; Persia, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East India, Esgi, or Zeni; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn, or Zent; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Eturian, Chur; Irish, Dich; Arabian, Alfa; etc.

THE BOOK OF 500 CURIOUS PUZZLES. Containing a large collection of Entertaining Paradoxes, Perplexing Deceptions in Numbers, and Amusing Tricks in Geometry. Illustrated with a great variety of Engravings. This book will have a large sale. It will furnish fun and amusement for a whole winter. Paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.

I have got a horse by the name of "Jerico." He is a mare. I have seen remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that could shy, and this one fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If I was correct, I have the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes across, with the utmost impartiality. He appears to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road; because as it is now, I never fall off twice on the same side. If I fell on the same side always, it would get to be monotonous after a while. This creature has got scared at everything he has seen to-day, except a hay-wagon. He walked up to that with an intrepidity and recklessness that was astonishing. And it would fill anyone with admiration to see how he preserves his self-possession in the presence of a barley-sack.

He has only one fault—his tail has been chopped off or driven up, and he has to fight the flies with his heels. This is all very well; but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his

hind foot, it is too much variety. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches round and bites my legs, too. I don't care particularly about that, only I don't like to see a horse too sociable.

I think the owner of this prize had a wrong opinion about him. He had an idea that he was one of those fiery, untamed steeds; but he is not of that character. I know the Arab has this idea; because when he brought the horse to me for inspection in Beyrout, he kept jerking the bridle and shouting in Arabic, "Ho! will you? Do you want to run away, you ferocious beast, and break your neck?" when all the time the horse was not doing anything in the world, and only looked like as if he wanted to lean up against something and think. Whenever he is not shying at things, or reaching after a fly, he wants to do that yet. How it would surprise his owner to know this!

Please preserve this pamphlet for future reference. Show it to your friends, and at any time when you want any of the books advertised in it, enclose the price, write your name and address plainly, giving town, county, and State, and forward it to Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

S a minister and a lawyer were riding together, said the minister to the lawyer: "Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," said the lawyer.

"And what do you do with the mistakes?" inquired the minister.

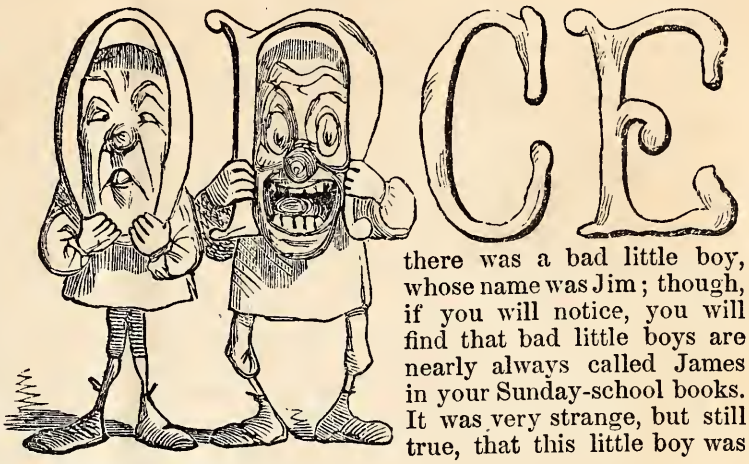
"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer. "And pray, sir," continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"And what do you do with the mistakes?"

"Why, sir, I dispose of them in the same manner as you do—I rectify the large, and pass the the small ones. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of *liars;* but made a mistake, and said, the father of *lawyers.* The mistake was so small that I let it go."

Hillgrove's Ball-Room Guide and Complete Dancing-Master. Containing a plain treatise on Etiquette and Deportment at Balls and Parties, with valuable hints on Dress and the Toilet, together with full explanation of the Rudiments, Terms, Figures and Steps used in Dancing, including clear and precise instructions how to dance all kinds of Quadrilles, Waltzes, Polkas, Redowas, Reels, Round, Plain and Fancy Dances, so that any person may learn them without the aid of a teacher; to which is added easy directions for calling out the figures of every dance, and the amount of music required for each. The whole illustrated with 176 descriptive engravings and diagrams. By Thomas Hillgrove, Professor of Dancing. Bound in cloth, with gilt side and back, price $1 00; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 75 cents.



there was a bad little boy, whose name was Jim; though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still true, that this little boy was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious, and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave, and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday-school books are called James, and have sick mothers, who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside, and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, nor anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious. Moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account; she said if he was to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep, and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there, and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a strange feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their kind mother's jam?" And then he didn't kneel down all alone, and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her, with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and, when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious; everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-

tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall, and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick-bed for weeks, and repent, and become good. Oh, no! he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right, and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange; nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs. and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife; and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons, and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head, and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude, and say, "Spare this noble boy! there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed!" And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then come and tell him to make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No; it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it. Because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday, and didn't get drowned; and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no! you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned, and all bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me. This Jim bore a charmed life; that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake, and drink aqua fortis. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips, that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it. He ran off, and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no! he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality, and now he is the infernalest, wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

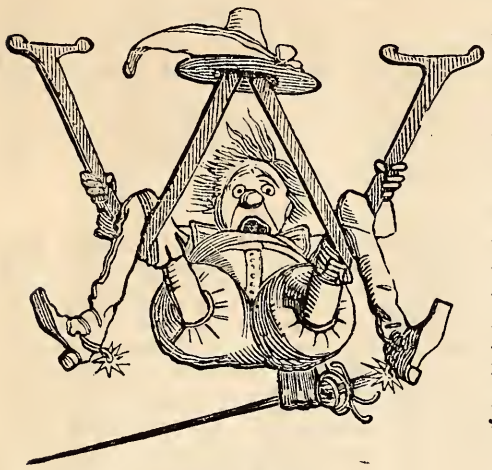
An honest Dutchman in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of the occasions, he asked him: "Who vas it dat vould not shleep mit Botiver's vife?"

"Shoseph."

"Dat's a cood poy! Vell, vat vas de reason why he vould not shleep mit her?"

"Don't know: sphose he vasn't shleepy."

The best place in New York to send for cheap books is to Dick & Fitzgerald. They supply all kinds of books--no matter where you see them advertised. This is an important branch of their business. It is always safe to send to them, because if the book you want happens to be out of print, you are sure to get your money back. Established 1847.



H O made you?" inquired a lady teacher of a great lubberly boy, who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Not know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! A boy fourteen years old! Why, there's little Dicky Fulton—he's only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dicky—who made you?"

"Dod," lisped the infant prodigy.

"There," said the teacher triumphantly. "I knew he'd remember."

"Vell, he oughter; 'tain't but a little while since *he* was made."

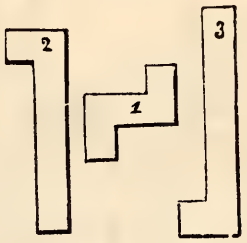
North's Book of Love-Letters. With directions how to write and when to use them, and 120 specimen Letters, suitable for lovers of any age and condition, and under all circumstances. Interspersed with the author's comments thereon. The whole forming a convenient hand-book of valuable information and counsel, for the use of those who need friendly guidance and advice in matters of Love, Courtship, and Marriage. By Ingoldsby North.

This book is confidently recommended to all who are from any cause in doubt as to the manner in which they should write or reply to letters upon love and courtship. It is really a friendly adviser upon many subjects connected with such letters; gives common-sense views of the duty of the party concerned, and of the wisdom or folly of various lines of action. The reader will be aided in his thought—he will see where he is likely to please and where to displease, how to begin and how to end his letter, and how to judge of those nice shades of expression and feeling concerning which a few mistaken expressions may create misunderstanding.

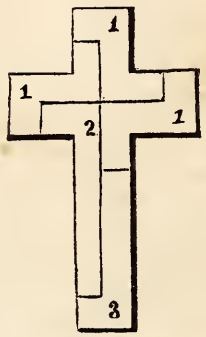
All who wish, not only to copy a love letter, but to learn the art of writing them, will find North's book a very pleasant, sensible and friendly companion. It is an additional recommendation that the variety offered is very large. Bound in cloth, price 75 cents; bound in boards, price 50 cents.

What blessed wives to cheer men's lives!

ROMAN CROSS PUZZLE.



With three pieces of cardboard, of the shape and size of No. 1, and one each of Nos. 2 and 3, to form a cross.



The above diagram will explain to our juvenile friends the puzzling paradox of the Roman Cross.

Age of a Horse.—Every horse has six teeth above and below; before three years old, he sheds his middle teeth; at three, he sheds one more on each side of the central teeth; at four, he sheds the two corner and last of the fore-teeth.

Between four and five, the horse cuts the under tusks; at five, will cut his upper tusks, at which time his mouth will be complete.

At six years, the grooves and hollows begin to fill up a little; at seven, the grooves will be well-nigh filled up, except the corner teeth, leaving little brown spots where the dark brown hollows formerly were.

At eight, the whole of the hollows and grooves are filled up.

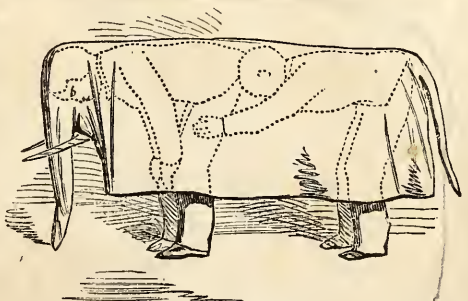
At nine, there is very often seen a small bill to the outside corner teeth; the point of the tusk is worn off, and the part that was concave begins to fill up and become rounding; the squares of the central teeth begin to disappear, and the gums leave them small and narrow at the top.

The Sociable; or, One Thousand and One Home Amusements. Containing Acting Proverbs, Dramatic Charades, Acting Charades, or Drawing-Room Pantomimes, Musical Burlesques, Tableaux Vivants, Parlor Games, Games of Action, Forfeits, Science in Sport and Parlor Magic, and a choice collection of curious Mental and Mechanical Puzzles, etc. Illustrated with numerous engravings and diagrams. The whole being a fund of never-ending entertainment. Nearly 400 pages, 12mo., cloth, gilt side stamp. *The Sociable* is a repository of games, and other entertainments, calculated for the use of family parties, the fireside circle, or those social gatherings among friends and neighbors which pass away the winter evenings with so much animation and delight. It is impossible for any company to exhaust all the sources of irreproachable mirth and mutual enjoyment produced in this volume. Price, $1 50.

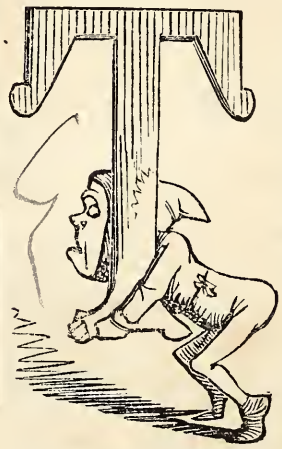
A fat young gentleman, in describing the effects of his first waltz, says that for fifteen minutes he appeared to be swimming in a sea of rose-leaves with a blue angel. This soon changed, he says, to a delirium of peacock feathers, in which his brains got so mixed with low-necked frocks, musk, and melody, that he has fed on flutes ever since.

If you want to buy any kind of good cheap books, send to the great publishing house of Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Their house published books twenty years ago, and all books ordered from them are promply sent by Mail, post-paid, the same day they receive the order for them. Read their list of books in these pages, and send for some of them. Copies of any books in this catalogue sent free of postage on receipt of price. Send cash orders to Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers, New York. In remitting, send post-office money-order when it can be obtained.

THE ELEPHANT.—This is a comical diversion, and never fails to elicit applause. Two persons are required to personate the elephant; one represents his fore and the other his hind legs. The two place themselves as shown in the illustration; a quilt, doubled over three or four times, is now placed on the backs of the performers, which serves to form the back of the elephant; a large blanket or travelling shawl is then thrown over them, one end of which is twisted, to represent the trunk of the animal, the other end serving, in a similar manner, to represent his tail. Two paper cones enact the tusks, and the elephant is complete. A bright and witty person should be selected to perform the part of keeper, and he must lecture on the prodigious strength, wonderful sagacity, and extreme docility of the animal, proving the latter quality by lying down and permitting the elephant to walk over him. It always amuses a company to *show them the elephant.*

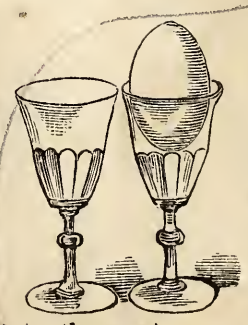


WILSON'S BOOK OF RECITATIONS AND DIALOGUES, with Instructions in Elocution and Declamation. Containing a choice selection of Poetical and Prose Recitations and Original Colloquies. Designed as a Reading-Book for Classes, and as an Assistant to Teachers and Students in preparing exhibitions. By Floyd B. Wilson, Professor of Elocution. This collection has been prepared with a special view to the development of the two cardinal principles of true elocution—Voice and Action—and includes a large proportion of Recitations and Dialogues, which appear for the first time in this form. The Colloquies are entirely original. 16mo., 188 pp., paper cover, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.



THOMPSON and Rogers, two married bucks, of New York, meandering home late one night, stopped at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, when a window was opened, and a lady inquired what was wanting. "Madam," inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. T-Thompson's house?" "No," replied the lady; "this is the residence of Mr. Rogers." "Well," exclaimed Thompson, "Mrs. T-Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door, and pick out Rogers, for T-Thompson wants to go home?"

THE PARLOR MAGICIAN; or, One Hundred Tricks for the Drawing-Room. Abridged from our larger work on Tricks, entitled *The Secret Out*. Containing an extensive and miscellaneous collection of Conjuring and Legerdemain; Sleights with Dice, Dominoes, Cards, Ribbons, Rings, Fruit, Coin, Balls, Handkerchiefs, etc., all of which may be performed in the parlor or drawing-room, without the aid of any apparatus; also embracing a choice variety of curious deceptions, which may be performed with the aid of simple apparatus; the whole illustrated and clearly explained, with 121 engravings. Paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.



THE EGG TRICK.—Transfer the egg from one wine-glass to the other, and back again to its original position, without touching the egg or glasses, or allowing any person or anything to touch them. To perform this trick, all that you have to do is to blow smartly on one side of the egg, and it will hop into the next one · repeat this and it will hop back again.

believe, captain," said the doctor. "I never told you about my adventure with a woman at my boarding-house when I was attending the lectures?"

"No: let's have it."

This was the reply of the individual addressed as the "captain"—a short, fat, flabby man of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament, and a very red face.

"Well, at the time I attended the lectures, I boarded in a house in which there were no females but the buxom landlady and an old colored cook."

Here the doctor made a momentary pause; and the captain, by way of requesting him to go on, said nervously: "Well?"

"I often felt the want of female society, to soften the severe labors of hard study, and dispel the *ennui* to which I was subject."

"Well?"

"But, as I feared that forming acquaintances among the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all."

"Well?"

"One evening, fatigued in body and mind, after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy, and after dissecting a large negro, I went to my lodgings."

"Well?"

"I went into the hall, took a large lamp, and went directly to my room, it being then past one o'clock."

"Well?"

"I placed the light upon the table, and commenced undressing, but had hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted by a dress and a quantity of petticoats lying on a chair near the bed—"

"Well?" repeated the captain, who began to show unmistakable signs of getting deeply interested.

"And a pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course, I thought it strange, and was about to retire, and lodge for the night in another room; but then I thought, as it was my room, I had at least a right to know who was in my bed—"

"Exactly," nodded the captain, emphatically. "Well?"

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and, with a trembling hand, drew aside the curtain. Heavens! what a sight! A young girl—I should say an angel—of about eighteen was in there asleep."

"Well?" said the captain, giving his chair a hitch.

"As I gazed upon her, I thought I had never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a little nightcap, rivalling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck of alabaster—"

"Well?" said the excited captain, giving his chair another hitch.

"Never did I look upon a bust more perfectly formed. I took hold of the coverlet, and softly pulled it down—"

"Well?" said the captain, betraying intense excitement.

"To her shoulder."

"*Well?*" said the captain, dropping his paper, and crossing his legs.

"She had on a night-dress that buttoned up before; and softly I unloosed the two first buttons—"

"WELL?" said the captain, wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement.

"And then, O ye gods! what a sight to gaze upon! A Hebe, a— Pshaw! words fail. Just then—"

"WELL?" said the captain, hitching in his chair uneasily from side to side, and squirting a volume of tobacco-juice against the stove, making it fairly fizz.

"Then I thought I was taking a mean advantage of her; so I carefully covered her up, seized my coat and boots, and went and slept in another room."

"*It's a lie!*" fairly shouted the excited captain, jumping up, and kicking over his chair. "IT'S A LIE!"

BRUDDER BONES' BOOK OF STUMP SPEECHES AND BURLESQUE ORATIONS. Also containing Humorous Lectures, Ethiopian Dialogues, Plantation Scenes, Negro Farces and Burlesques, Laughable Interludes and Comic Recitations, interspersed with Dutch, Irish, French and Yankee Stories. Compiled and edited by John F. Scott. This book contains some of the best hits of the leading negro delineators of the present time, as well as mirth-provoking jokes and repartees of the most celebrated End-Men of the day, and specially designed for the introduction of fun in an evening's entertainment. 16mo., 188 pp., paper cover, price 30 cts.; bound in boards, illuminated, 50 cts.

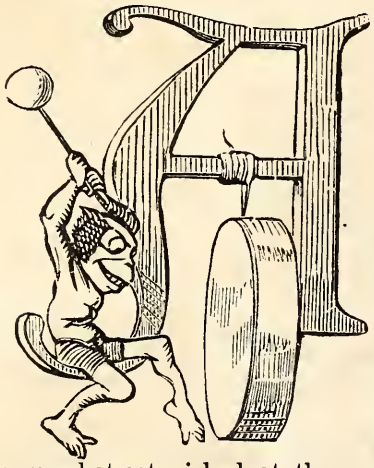
AMATEUR THEATRICALS, AND FAIRY TALE DRAMAS. A collection of original Plays, expressly designed for drawing-room performances. By Miss S. A. Frost. This is designed to meet a want which has long been felt, of short and amusing pieces suitable to the limited stage of the parlor. The old friends of fairy-land will be recognized among the Fairy Tale Dramas, newly clothed and arranged. 16mo., 180 pp., paper, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.

"PICKING UP A LIVING." — "You look like death on a pale horse," said Harry to a toper, who was pale and emaciated."

"I don't know anything about that," said the toper; "but I am *death on pale brandy*."

THE SECRET OUT; or, 1,000 Tricks with Cards, and Other Recreations. Illustrated with over 300 engravings. A book which explains all the tricks and deceptions with cards ever known, and gives, besides, a great many new ones. The whole being described so carefully, with engravings to illustrate them, that anybody can easily learn how to perform them. This work also contains 240 of the best tricks in Legerdemain, in addition to the card tricks. 12mo., 400 pp., bound in cloth, with gilt side and back, price $1 50.

PARLOR THEATRICALS; or, Winter Evenings' Entertainment. Abridged from *The Sociable*. Containing Acting Proverbs, Dramatic Charades, Drawing-Room Pantomimes, Musical Burlesques, Tableaux Vivants, etc.; with Instructions for Amateurs; how to construct a Stage and Curtain; how to get up Costumes and Properties, on the "making up" of Characters, Exits and Entrances; how to arrange Tableaux, etc. Illustrated with engravings. Paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, cloth back, 50 cents.



HARRY S——, the celebrated pianist, tells of a laughable incident which recently occurred at the Jackson (Tenn.) depot. The train from Mobile brought up several barrels of oysters. A number of country negroes stood by, and, never having seen oysters before, were somewhat astonished at the presence of the bivalves.

"Whar he mouf?" exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. "How um eat, eh? Golly! I t'inks um nuffin 'cept a bone. Yah! yah!" he continued, laughing at his own wit. "I 'spec' some white man tink nigga a fool when he call dat ting ister."

Just then he discovered an oyster, and, seizing it, he eyed it closely. Not satisfied with this examination, he placed it to his nose; but no sooner was that organ inserted between the shells than they closed, when darkey howled with pain, and called out: "Pull um off! pull um off!"

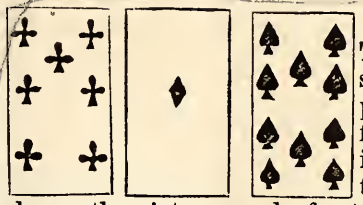
But the more the oyster was pulled, the more it would not let go; and, as poor Cuffee danced and yelled, his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament were both ludicrous and painful.

"Hit um wid a stick," said a buxom wench; and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a hearty will, but Cuffee's head went with it.

"Pinch he tail," cried a little nig, "and he sure let go."

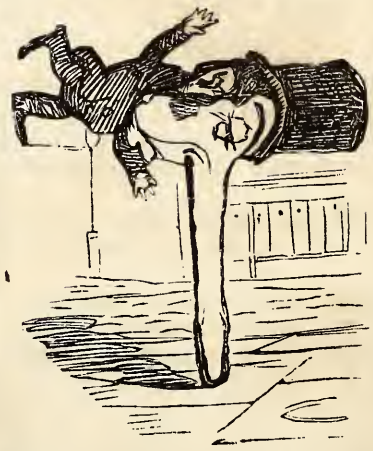
But there was no tail to pinch, and poor Cuffee seemed doomed to wear the oyster forever. At this moment, an "intelligent contraband" whipped out a knife, and it soon severed the oyster. Cuffee looked at the shells with amazement, and, finding the oyster toothless, threw it away, with the remark: "Um got no teef, but gum it powerful!"

FROST'S ORIGINAL LETTER WRITER. A complete collection of Original Letters and Notes, upon every imaginable subject of Every-Day Life, with plain directions about everything connected with writing a letter. Containing Letters of Introduction, Letters on Business, Letters answering Advertisements, Letters of Recommendation, Applications for Employment, Letters for Congratulation, of Condolence, of Friendship and Relationship, Love Letters, Notes of Invitation, Notes accompanying Gifts, Letters of Favor, of Advice, and Letters of Excuse, together with an appropriate answer to each. The whole embracing three hundred letters and notes. By S. A. Frost, author of "The Parlor Stage," "Dialogues for Young Folks," etc. To which is added a comprehensive Table of Synonyms, alone worth double the price asked for the book. This work is not a rehash of English writers, but is entirely practical and original, and suited to the wants of the American public. We assure our readers that it is the best collection of letters ever published in this country. Bound in boards, cloth back, with illuminated sides, price 50 cts.



A GOOD CARD TRICK.—Tell a person to choose as he pleases three cards from a euchre pack, informing him that the ace counts for eleven, the picture cards for ten, and the others according to the number of spots. When he has chosen these three, tell him to put them on the table, and place on each as many cards as spots are required to make fifteen. That is to say, in the example, eight cards would have to be put on the seven of clubs, four cards on the ace, and five above the ten. Let him return you the rest of the pack, and (while pretending to count something in them) count how many remain. Add sixteen to this number, and you will have the number of spots in the three bottom cards, as may be seen in this example, where twelve cards remain, to which number add sixteen, and the amount (twenty-eight) is the number on the three cards.

THE BOOK OF FIRESIDE GAMES. Abridged from *The Sociable*. Containing an explanation of the most entertaining Games suited to the Family Circle as a Recreation, such as Games of Action, Games which merely require attention, Games which require memory, Catch Games, which have for their object Tricks or Mystification, Games in which an opportunity is afforded to display Gallantry, Wit, or some slight knowledge of certain Sciences, Amusing Forfeits, Fireside Games for Winter Evening Amusements, etc. Paper covers, price 30 cts.; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cts.



TWO captains agreed to share their prizes, and met weekly to give an account of their seven days' work and signalize their luck. On one occasion, Captain A—— signalized Captain B——: "I have taken something." Quick went up the bunting. "What have you taken?" and all hands stood on tiptoe with expectation. "Physic," was the pithy reply of Captain A——.

THE MODERN POCKET HOYLE. Containing all the Games of Skill and Chance as played in this country at the present time, being "an authority on all disputed points." By "Trumps." This valuable manual is all original, or thoroughly revised from the best and latest authorities, and includes the laws and complete directions for playing one hundred and eleven different Games, comprising Card Games, Chess, Checkers, Dominoes, Backgammon, Dice, Billiards, and all the Field Games. 18mo., 388 pp., paper cover, price 50 cts. Bound in boards, cloth back, price 75 cts. Bound in cloth, gilt side and back, price $1 25.

"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved, you will never get a husband." "Ma," retorted the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a primrose is not without attractions."

Omaha *Herald* tells the following:

"Joe Socabsin, a Pawnee Indian, was sued for five dollars by a white man, before Squire Johnson. On the day of trial, Joe made his appearance, and rendered the requisite amount for debt and costs, and demanded a receipt in full.

"'Why, Joe, it is unnecessary,' said the Squire.

"'Oh! yes, me want um receipt, sartin.'

"'I tell you, Joe, a receipt will do you no good.'

"'Sartin, Squire Johnson, me want um.'

"'What do you want it for, Joe?'

"'Oh! s'pose me die and go to heaven; then s'pose they say, "Well, Joe Socabsin, you owe any man now?" Then me say, "No." "Very well; did you pay 'um Ben Johnson?" "Oh!" yes; me pay 'um." "Well, then, s'pose you show 'um receipt. Then me have to go 'way down," run all over h—ll to hunt 'um up Squire Johnson.'"

RICHARDSON'S MONITOR OF FREEMASONRY. A complete Guide to the various Ceremonies and Routine in Free-Masons' Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, Hierarchies, etc., in all the Degrees, whether Modern, Ancient, Ineffable, Philosophical or Historical. Containing, also, the Signs, Tokens, Grips, Pass-words, Decoration, Drapery, Dress, Regalia and Jewels, in each Degree. Profusely illustrated with Explanatory Engravings, Plans of the Interior of Lodges, etc. By Jabez Richardson, A. M. A book of 185 pages. Bound in paper covers, price 50 cts.; bound in gilt, price $1 00.

"You must admit, Doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes"—"you must admit that woman was created before man."

"Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you 'to prove your case.'"

"That can be easily done, sir. Wasn't Eve the first maid?" (made.)

URING the late excellent sleighing in Boston, a fresh imported John Bull went to a livery stable and ordered a horse and sleigh. "Very well," says the keeper; "we'll fit you out directly"—and he opened the back door and gave orders to harness. "Mind, John," said he and put in a buffalo." The Englishman opened his eyes with astonishment. "A buffalo?" said he. "No buffalo for me, if you please. I would prefer an 'orse."

DEACON HEZEKIAH.

Oh! Hezekiah's a pious soul!
With his phiz as long as a hickory pole;
And he wouldn't smile if you'd give him the whole
Of the gold in California.
There he sits, like a cloud, in his Sunday pew,
With his book in his hand, in his long-tailed blue,
And you'd better take care or he'll look you through
With a glance that says, "I scorn ye."

He is very straight, and narrow, and tall,
From the crown to the hem of his over-all;
And he sings the psalm with a woful brawl,
And a mouth like a clam's when it's crying;
But when Monday comes, he is up with the sun;
His *religion* is over, his work begun,
And you'd think that there wasn't a world but one,
And he hadn't a thought of dying.

You would think he was sorry he'd lost a day,
As he rushes and rattles and drives away,
As he gives the poor orphan a crusty "nay,"
And the widow a vinegar greeting;
And he bargains, and sells, and collects his rent,
Nor tears nor petitions can make him relent,
Till he gets in his pocket each doubtful cent,
Though he wouldn't *be seen* a-cheating!

And Tuesday, and Wednesday, and all the week,
He doesn't know Gentile, nor Jew, nor Greek,
Nor care whom he robs of the last beef-steak,
Nor the last poor hope of fire.
But Hezekiah is pious, very!
For who in the world ever saw him merry?
And he looks as forlorn as a dromedary,
And his voice, of itself, is a choir.

LESSED is he who does not make a cent; for he will have no income tax to pay. Blessed is the bald-headed man; for his wife cannot pull his hair. Blessed is the homely man; for the girls shall not molest him; yea, thrice blessed is he; for when he asketh a lady to dance, she will answer him, saying: "I am engaged for the next set."

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage travelling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

WRIGHT'S BOOK OF 3,000 AMERICAN RECEIPTS; or, Light-House of Valuable Information. Containing over 3,000 Receipts in all the useful and domestic arts—including cooking, confectionery, distilling, perfumery, chemicals, varnishes, dyeing, agriculture, etc. Embracing valuable secrets that cannot be obtained from any other source. No exertion or expense has been spared to make this work as comprehensive and accurate as possible. Many receipts will be found in it that have never before appeared in print in this country. Some idea may be formed of its value in the latter respect when it is stated that the compiler has been for many years engaged in collecting rare and valuable receipts from numerous languages besides the English. This is by far the most valuable American Receipt Book that has ever been published. 12mo., cloth, 359 pp., price $1 50.

"Which of these roads lead to the village of W——?" inquired a traveller, as he came to a place where the road he was travelling forked in different directions, of an urchin who sat upon a log near by, and whose appearance indicated that he was evidently a specimen.

"Any one of 'm, sir," answered the boy.

"Which is the best, my lad?" inquired the traveller.

"Ain't nary one on 'em the best."

"Which is the nearest?"

"Ain't much difference."

"Which do you think I had better take?"

"You may take any one on 'em; and afore you get half-way thar, you'll wish you had tuck t'other one."

FROST'S BOOK OF TABLEAUX AND SHADOW PANTOMIMES. Containing a choice collection of Tableaux, or Living Pictures, embracing Moving Tableaux, Mother Goose Tableaux, Fairy Tale Tableaux, Charade and Proverb Tableaux; together with directions for arranging the stage, costuming the characters, and forming appropriate groups. By S. Annie Frost. To which is added a number of Shadow Acts and Pantomimes, with complete stage instructions. 180 pages, paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, 50 cents.

THE Magnetized cane is a very surprising little fancy, and is calculated to create much astonishment in the parlor. Take a piece of black silk thread, or horse-hair, about two feet long, and fasten to each end of it bent hooks of a similar color. When unobserved, fasten the hooks in the back part of your pantaloon legs, about two inches below the bend of the knees. Then place the cane (it should be a dark one, and not too heavy) within the inner part of the thread, as represented in the engraving, and by a simple movement of the legs you can make it dance about and perform a great variety of fantastic movements. At night, your audience cannot perceive the thread, and apparently the cane will have no support whatever. The performer should inform the company, before commencing this trick, that he intends to magnetize the cane, and by moving his hands as professors of magnetism do, the motion of the legs will not be noticed.

ANNY was, at her own request, allowed to go to Sabbath-school for the first time, and there she learned the startling intelligence that she was made of dust. Little Fanny's mind was fully impressed with the importance of the great truth, as was evinced by her frequent reference to the subject in the shape of questions answerable and unanswerable. This morning, however, she propounded a stunner, which "brought down the house." Intently watching her mother sweeping, as if to learn the art she must finally practice, saying not a word, her eyes rested upon the little pile of dirt accumulated by the mother's broom. Just as the dirt was to be swept into the street, the little philosopher burst forth: "Ma! ma! why don't you save the dust to make some more little girls?"

They were sitting side by side,
And she sighed, and then he sighed.
Said he, "My darling idol,"
And he idled, and then she idled;
"You are creation's belle,"
And she bellowed, and then he bellowed
"On my soul there's such a weight,"
And he waited, and then she waited;
"Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown,"
And she groaned, and then he groaned
"You shall have a private gig,"
And she giggled, and then he giggled.
Said she, "My dearest Luke,"
And he looked, and then she looked;
"Shan't we?" and they shantied;
"I'll have thee if thou wilt,"
And he wilted, and then she wilted.

DAY'S AMERICAN READY-RECKONER. Containing Tables for rapid calculations of Aggregate Values, Wages, Salaries, Board, Interest Money, etc., etc. Also Tables of Timber, Plank, Board and Log Measurement, with full explanations how to measure them, either by the square foot (board measure) or cubic foot (timber measure). Also how to measure wood by the cord, with tables applicable to piles of wood of any shape, and showing in a simple manner how to ascertain the contents in cords of a pile of any shape. Also tables of Land Measurements, showing the contents of a piece of land of almost any shape, from a quarter acre up to ten acres, and telling exactly how to measure land in any quantity by chains and links or by yards and feet. Also telling how to describe a piece of land in deeding it. Also giving information as to acquiring and locating a farm on the public lands of the United States. By B. H. Day. This Ready-Reckoner is composed of original tables, which are positively correct, having been revised in the most careful manner. It is a book of 192 pages, and embraces more matter than 500 pages of any other Reckoner. Bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents; bound in cloth, gilt back, price 75 cents; bound in leather tucks (pocket-book style), price $1 25.

A gentleman travelling in Ireland, overtook a peasant, and asked, "Who lives in that house on the hill, Pat?"

"One Mr. Cassidy, sir; but he's dead—rest his sowl!"

"How long has he been dead?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, yer honor, if he lived till next month, he'd been dead just twelve months."

"Of what did he die?"

"Troth, sir, he died of a Tuesday."

THE KNAPSACK-FULL OF FUN; or, 1,000 Rations of Laughter. Illustrated with over 500 comical engravings, and containing over 1,000 Jokes and Funny Stories. By Doesticks and other witty writers. Large quarto, price 30 cents.

Dutchman related a misfortune which befell his son in the following manner:

"Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a rattlesnake, and vas sick into his bed for six weeks, in te month of August—and all his cry vas 'Vater! Vater!' Und he couldn't eat notin' till he complained of being a leetle petter, so ash he could stand up on his elbow, and eat a little tea."

An indolent boy being asked by his teacher who came latest to school, replied: "Indeed, sir, I cannot say; I do not get there early enough to see."

DE WALDEN'S BALL-ROOM COMPANION; or, Dancing Made Easy. A Complete Practical Instructor in the art of dancing, containing all the fashionable and approved dances, directions for calling the figures, etc. By Emile De Walden, Teacher of Dancing. This book gives instructions in Deportment, Rudiments, and Positions, Bows and Courtesies, Fancy Dancing, Quadrilles, Waltzes, Minuets, Jigs, Spanish Dances, Polka, Schottische, Gallop, Deux Temps, Danish, Redowa, Varsovienne, Hop, etc., together with all the newest Waltzes and Quadrilles in vogue. It also contains complete directions for all the figures of the celebrated "German" or Cotillion. Bound in boards, cloth back, price 50 cents.

ARSON B—— was truly a pious man, and at the long graces which usually followed the meals, he and the whole family reverently knelt, except the parson's brother, who, being o'er much fat, usually stood, with his back to the table and overlooking the garden. One day—it was summer time—the parson was unusually favored; not appearing to notice the fidgety movements of his brother, who kept twisting about until, finding no ends to the thanks, he broke in with—"Cut it short, Parson, cut it short; the cows are in the garden playing h—l with the cabbages." The interruption, though irreverent, was well-timed, and the cows were driven out.

ANOTHER FIRST-RATE CARD TRICK.—Turn, unperceived, the bottom card of a pack face upwards; then let several of the company draw a card. Reverse the pack rapidly, so that the bottom is now the top card, and thus all the other cards are turned face upward, unseen by the spectators.

Hold the pack firmly in your fingers, and request those who have drawn to replace their cards in the pack. Thus all the drawn cards will lie with their faces downward, while the other cards will lie with their faces upward. You now step aside, select the drawn cards, and show them to the company.

One eve, in velvet bravery arrayed,
As Phil sat toying with his darling maid,
Her little buxom waist's bewitching charm
The while half folded in his furtive arm,
He took her dimpled hand, and, with a smile,
Stealing it gently o'er the silken pile,
Asked, in a tender silence of love chat,
If palm e'er fondled aught so soft as that.
She archly answered: "Might I venture, pet,
I could press yours on something softer yet."
With sidelong glance of amorous mistrust
Adown the graceful neck and swelling bust,
Whose ermine cape, his darling fancy taught,
Was the coy *something* of the maiden's thought.
He fondly sighed, to fingers' ends a thrill,
"Ah! dearest, do! my hand is at your will."
But, oh! lost rapture! no sooner said,
She gayly clapt it pat on his own head.

How Gamblers Win; or, The Secret of Advantage Playing Exposed. Being a complete and scientific expose of the manner of playing all the various advantages in the games of Poker, All-Fours, Euchre, Vingt-un, Whist, Cribbage, etc., as practised by professional gamblers on the uninitiated, together with a brief analysis of legitimate play. By a Retired Professional. This little book is designed as a warning to the unwary, and a caution to self-confident card-players. 16mo., paper cover, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.

Three jealous husbands, A, B, and C, with their wives, being ready to pass by night over a river, find at the water-side a boat which can carry but two at a time, and for want of a waterman they are compelled to row themselves over the river several times. The question is, how those six persons shall pass, two at a time, so that none of the three wives may be found in the company of one or two men unless her husband be present.

This may be effected in two or three ways; the following may be as good as any: Let A and wife go over; let A return; let B's and C's wives go over; A's wife returns; B and C go over; B and wife return, A and B go over; C's wife returns, and A's and B's wives go over; then C comes back for his wife. Simple as this question may appear, it is found in the works of Alcuin, who flourished a thousand years ago, hundreds of years before the art of printing was invented.

Fox's Ethiopian Comicalities. Containing strange sayings, eccentric doings, burlesque speeches, laughable drolleries, funny stories, interspersed with refined wit, broad humor, and cutting sarcasm, copied verbatim, as recited by the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian. With several comic illustrations. Price, 12 cents.

SOME time ago, a lady in the first society was obliged to dismiss her nurse on account of an excess of firemen and soldiers too often repeated. After choosing as a successor to this criminal a very pretty girl, the lady, explaining why the first was sent away, enjoined it on the second not to do likewise. She admitted that she shouldn't.

"I can endure a great deal," said the lady; "but soldiers about the kitchen I won't endure."

After a week or eight days, the lady came one morning into the kitchen, opened a cupboard, and discovered a youthful military character.

"O ma'am!" cried the girl, frightened, "I give you my word, I never saw that soldier before in all my life; he must have been one of the old ones left over by the other girl!"

The Play-Room; or, In-Door Games for Boys and Girls. Including Round Games and Forfeits, Slate and Board Games; also numerous Table and Toy Games, together with a large collection of Evening Amusements, Comprehending Comic Diversions, Parlor Magic, Tricks with Cards, Scientific Recreations and Puzzles. Profusely illustrated with 197 fine wood-cuts. Bound in boards, cloth back, price 50 cents; bound in cloth, gilt side, price 75 cents.

The Play-Ground; or, Out-Door Games for Boys. A book of healthy recreations for youth. Containing over a hundred amusements, including Games of Activity and Speed, Games with Toys, Marbles, Tops, Hoops, Kites, and Archery, Balls; with Cricket, Croquet and Base-Ball. Splendidly illustrated with 124 fine wood-cuts. Bound in boards, cloth back, price 50 cents; bound in cloth, gilt side, price 75 cents.

*** The above books are abridged from our larger and more complete work, entitled *The American Boy's Book of Sports and Games*. Each of them have rich illuminated covers.

The editor of one of our exchanges says he would not mind getting drunk occasionally if, while in the delightful state, some cussed scamp didn't go and steal the keyhole of the front door, and thus make it necessary for him to wake up his wife before he could get in.

"What are you looking after, daughter?" said an old man at a Christmas party.

"Looking after a son-in-law for you, father," was the reply.

OO often advertisements and paragraphs of various kinds find their way into newspapers, in which, by the omission of a comma, or, more frequently, in consequence of an awkwardly constructed sentence, the most extraordinary statements are made. For example: a newspaper states:

"A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets on which never spoke afterward."

An exchange, describing a celebration, says:

"The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length, as was the prayer of Dr. Perry the chaplain."

A Western paper announces:

"A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old."

In the report of a certain School Committee, the following statement occurs:

"We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

It gives one an idea of progress to read such an advertisement as this:

"Wanted—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind."

In this connection, it may be well to mention that on the sands at Scullercoats, near Tynemouth, England, a board has been fixed, on which is inscribed the following notice:

"Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned by order of the magistrates."

MARTINE'S HAND-BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GUIDE TO TRUE POLITENESS. A complete Manual for all those who desire to understand good breeding, the customs of good society, and to avoid incorrect and vulgar habits. Containing clear and comprehensive directions for correct manners, conversation, dress, introductions, rules for good behavior at dinner parties and the table, with hints on carving and wine at the table; together with the etiquette of the ball and assembly room, evening parties, and the usages to be observed when visiting or receiving calls; deportment in the street and when travelling. To which is added the Etiquette of Courtship, Marriage, Domestic Duties, and fifty-six rules to be observed in general society. By Arthur Martine, Author of *Martine's Sensible Letter-Writer*. Bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents; bound in cloth, gilt sides, price 75 cents.

"What do you call this?" said Mr. Jones Smith, gently tapping his breakfast with his fork.

"Call it?" snarled the landlady; "what do you call it?"

"Well, really," said Smith, reflectively, "I don't know. There is hardly hair enough in it for mortar; but there is entirely too much if it is intended for hash."

"Mrs. Smithers, where's (hiccup) my shaving 'tensils?"

"Your shaving utentils? What do want of your shaving utensils at this hour of the night? Come to bed, you brute; you're drunk."

"You lie, my love, I'm not (hiccup) drunk; but I want to know what comes (hiccup) of that blue-eyed bonnet what wore the white silk young 'oman. Say, where's my shaving 'tensils? If you don't speak (hiccup), I'll take a door, my love, and burst the club in."

When we left, Smithers was talking about the Constitution to the key-hole of a bed-room door.

SPENCER'S BOOK OF COMIC SPEECHES AND HUMOROUS RECITATIONS. A collection of Comic Speeches and Dialogues, Humorous Prose and Poetical Recitations, Laughable Dramatic Scenes and Burlesques, and Eccentric Characteristic Soliloquies and Stories. Suitable for school exhibitions and evening entertainments. Edited by Albert J. Spencer. This is the best book of Comic Recitations that has ever been published. It is crammed full of Comic Poetry, Laughable Lectures, Irish and Dutch Stories, Yankee Yarns, Negro Burlesques, Short Dramatic Scenes, Humorous Dialogues, and all kinds of Funny Speeches. Bound in paper cover, price 30 cts; bound in boards, cloth back, price 50 cents.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise;
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nest; themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh! busiest term of Cupid's court,
Where tender plaintiffs action bring;
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail! as aforesaid, coming Spring!

Do not forget that on receipt of the price, either in cash or stamps, copies of any Books in this List will be sent to any part of the United States or Canadas, either by mail or express, securely and neatly packed, post-paid. Recollect! any book you want you can have at the advertised price, and your order will be dispatched the same day it is received. No charge for catalogues or information.

We heard a good one, the other day, of a certain colonel in the late war, which, we think, will bear repeating. The colonel aforesaid was riding in a stage-coach, with several other passengers, when he accidently dropped his hat outside the coach. Putting his head out of the window, he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice:

"Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau!"

The driver paid no heed to the command. Again the bombastic fellow authoritatively spoke:

"Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau!"

No attention being paid by the driver to this last command, a plain, blunt man, who had become disgusted with his fellow-traveller's silliness and pomposity, put his head out of the window, and said:

"Driver, hold on! this d—d fool has lost his hat."

This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, expletive and all, and the hat was secured.

Mrs. Crowen's American Ladies' Cookery Book. Comprising every variety of information for ordinary and holiday occasions, and containing over 1,200 original Receipts for preparing and cooking soups and broths, fish and oysters, clams, mussels and scollops, lobsters, crabs and terrapins, meats of all kinds, poultry and game, eggs and cheese, vegetables and salads, sauces of all kinds, fancy deserts, puddings, pies and tarts, bread and biscuit, rolls and cakes, preserves and jellies, pickles and catsups, potted meats, etc., etc. Together with valuable and important hints on choosing and purchasing all kinds of provisions, and preparing ripe fruits for table, bills of fare for the relief of young housekeepers, arrangement of the table for every variety of dinner parties, etiquette of the dinner table, cookery for invalids, carving made easy, etc., etc. The whole being a complete system of American cookery. By Mrs. T. J. Crowen. Illustrated with several diagrams.

This genuine and really practical American Cook Book is worth a thousand of the foreign republications which are issued from the press in this country. Mrs. Crowen gives directions for making all sorts of economical dishes, baking all kinds of cakes and pies, manufacturing every variety of confectionery, preserving, pickling, etc., so plainly that the housekeeper of a week's standing can easily act upon her directions; and yet she has taken so comprehensive a scope that the very best and most skillful will find something new. All the receipts in this work have been carefully tried, and may be relied upon as the result of actual experience. 12mo., cloth binding, 474 pages, price $2 00.

A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman traveller why it was so delayed. He gravely replied: "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

The Young Reporter; or, How to Write Short-Hand. A Complete Phonographic Teacher, intended as a School-Book, to afford thorough instructions to those who have not the assistance of an Oral Teacher. By the aid of this work, any person of the most ordinary intelligence may learn to write Short-Hand and report speeches and sermons in a short time. Bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.

GEORGE H— tells a good story of an eccentric old gentleman, who, though occasionally addicted to the habit of swearing, was still punctilious in regard to saying grace at his table, and this duty he never omitted on any occasion. The story runs that on a certain occasion the old gentleman invited a sea-captain, a jolly old weather-beaten tar of his acquaintance, to dine with him. They sat down to dinner, and the old gentleman, according to custom, commenced saying grace; but the captain, whose attention had been diverted for the moment, hearing the old gentleman speak, thought he was addressing him, and, turning to him, said:

"What did you say, squire?"

"Why, d——n it, man, I'm saying grace."

AN Englishman was telling the late Colonel Isaac O. Barnes of the great rate the cars run in England.

"Why, Colonel, in my country they go seventy-five miles an hour."

"They do?" says the Colonel; "they could not run long at that rate, or they would run off of the the little d——d island."

A distinguished ex-Governor of Ohio, while addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and depicting the miseries caused by too frequently indulging in the flowing bowl, had his attention attracted by the sobs of a disconsolate and seedy-looking individual seated in the rear part of the room. After concluding his speech, the Governor went over to the person just referred to, and, interrogating him, was told the usual tale of woe. Among other sad incidents narrated by the disconsolate wretch, he said that during his career of vice he had buried three wives. The Governor, having buried a few wives of his own, deeply sympathized with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as was in his power. Said he: "The Lord has, indeed, deeply afflicted you." The mourner, still sobbing, replied: "Y-yes;" and pausing a moment to wipe his nose, he continued, "but I don't think Death got much ahead of me; for as fast as he took one I took another."

A man once went out to purchase a horse. "Will he draw well?" asked the buyer. "Thee will be pleased to see him draw." The bargain was concluded, and the farmer tried the horse, but he would not stir a step. He returned, and said: "That horse will not draw an inch." "I did not tell thee it would draw, friend; I only remarked that it would please thee to see him draw; so it would me, but he would never gratify me in that respect."

PARLOR TRICKS WITH CARDS. Containing explanations of all the Tricks and Deceptions with Playing Cards ever invented, embracing Tricks with Cards performed by Sleight-of-Hand; by the aid of Memory, Mental Calculation, and Arrangement of the Cards; by the aid of Confederacy, and Tricks performed by the aid of prepared Cards. The whole illustrated, and made plain and easy, with 70 engravings. This book is an abridgement of our large work, entitled *The Secret Out.* Paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, 50 cents.

CURIOUS MEDLEY.

By the lake where droops the willow,
Row, brothers, row;
I want to be an angel,
And jump Jim Crow.

An old crow sat on a hickory limb;
None knew him but to praise;
Let me kiss him for his mother,
For he smells of Schweizer kase.

The minstrel to the war has gone,
With the banjo on his knee;
He awoke to hear the sentry's shriek;
There's a light in the window for thee.

A frog he would a-wooing go;
His hair was curled to kill;
He used to wear an old great coat,
And the sword of Bunker Hill.

Oft in the stilly night,
Make way for liberty! he cried;
I won't go home till morning,
With Peggy by my side.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Susannah, don't you cry;
Know how sublime a thing it is
To brush away the blue-tailed fly.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
With his baggage checked for Troy;
One of the few immortal names.
His name was Pat Malloy.

Mary had a little lamb;
He could a tale unfold;
He had no teeth to eat a hoe cake,
As his spectacles were gold.

Lay on, lay on, Macduff;
Man wants but little here below;
For I'm to be queen of the May,
So kiss me before I go.

THE time when Gen. Breckinridge was marching on Baton Rouge, he one day, unattended by his aids, rode up to a solitary pinewoods vidette, who had just come in from St. Tammany, and was new to the etiquette of army life. The general had not the password, and the vidette had no advantage of him in that respect.

"I wish to pass," said the general.

"Wal, dod durn yer! pass on. Who cares a cuss? I ain't stoppin' this 'ere road, are I?"

"You don't know who I am?" said the general, smiling.

"No, I don't. That's a pooty hoss you're on, anyhow."

"I am General Breckinridge, the commanding officer," continued the general, much amused at the picket's idea of the duty required of him.

"You ar, ar you?" replied the picket. "Wal, I'm Bob Chiggers; an' I'm glad to see yer, old feller. How are you?" extending a hand as large as a frying-pan.

THE DICTIONARY OF LOVE. Containing a Definition of all the Terms used in Courtship, with rare quotations from Poets of all Nations, together with specimens of curious Model Love Letters, and many other interesting Matters appertaining to Love, never before published. 12mo., cloth, gilt side and back, price $1 50.

ALENTED YOUTH.—A good anecdote is told of a house-painter's son, who used the brush dexterously, but unfortunately had acquired the habit of "putting it on a little too thick." The other day, his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish daubing, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flagellation.

"There, you young rascal," said he, after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?"

"Well, I don't know, dad," whined the boy in reply; "but it seems to me you put it on a darn'd sight thicker than I did."

THE Rev. Zeb. Twitchell was the most noted Methodist preacher in Vermont for shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpit, he maintained a suitable gravity of manner and expression; but out of the pulpit, he overflowed with fun. Occasionally he would, if emergency seemed to require, introduce something queer in a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. Seeing that his audience were getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse, and discoursed as follows:

"Brethren, you haven't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in the new settlements, on account of the mosquitoes in some of these regions being enormous. A great many of them would weigh a pound, and they will get on logs and bark when the missionaries are going by."

By this time all ears and eyes were open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse. The next day, one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit. "There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," he said. "But I didn't say one of them would weigh a pound; I said a great many, and I think a million of them would." "But you said they would bark at the missionaries." "No, no, brother; I said they would get on logs and bark."

If you want to buy any kind of good cheap books, send to the great publishing house of Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Their house published books twenty years ago, and all books ordered from them are promply sent by Mail, post-paid, the same day they receive the order for them. Read their list of books in these pages, and send for some of them. Copies of any books in this catalogue sent free of postage on receipt of price. Send cash orders to Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers, New York. In remitting, send post-office money-order when it can be obtained.

ATHER INSINUATING. — A down-east editor advises his readers, if they wish to get teeth inserted, to go and steal fruit where a watch-dog is on guard.

A hen-pecked husband speaks of his better half as nitro-glycerine in crinoline. This undoubtedly refers to her irrepressible tendency to *blow him up*.

Lord Chesterfield once remarked that even Adam, the first man, knew the value of politeness, and allowed Eve to have the first bite at the apple.

NOT long since, an imminent divine in the State of Illinois (it won't do to mention dates, places, or names) visited a distant town for the purpose of preaching a dedicatory sermon in a new church. Court was in session, and on Saturday evening the judge and lawyers congregated together in a room, and amused themselves by card-playing and story-telling. The divine, at the request of F——, a lawyer, visited the room. Coming upon the group so suddenly, they were unable to hide the cards and whiskey. The divine looked on a while, and then, raising his hat, invited the gentlemen present to attend church the next day, and hear him preach. This they agreed to do, and Sunday found judge and lawyers seated in the "amen corner." The sermon over, the minister announced: "Friends, the citizens of this town have built a fine church. There is still fifteen hundred dollars due. We propose to raise the money by subscription to-day, and (eyeing the judge) I go a hundred dollars. Who goes better?"

The judge, glancing at the lawyers, slowly responded: "I see your hundred."

"Thank you, brother," says the divine. "Will anyone raise it?" (looking at lawyer No. 1).

The lawyer saw he was in for it, and quietly responded, "I go a hundred blind;" and so on throughout the list.

The divine raked down both the bar and the money, until the scene closed by a sharp, shrill voice announcing: "I see the last hundred, and 'call' you."

Our readers can imagine the astonishment of that congregation. We venture to say, however, that those lawyers will not soon invite the divine to witness a social game of whist, where men *see* each other, *go it blind*, and *call* the hand.

FORTAINE'S GOLDEN WHEEL DREAM-BOOK AND FORTUNE-TELLER. By Felix Fontaine, Fortune-Teller and Astrologer. Being the most complete book on Fortune-Telling and Interpreting Dreams ever printed. Each dream has the lucky number which the dream signifies attached to it, and those who wish to purchase lottery tickets will do well to consult them. This book also informs you how to Tell Fortunes with the Golden Wheel, Cards, Dice and Dominoes; how to find where to dig for water, coal, oil, and all kinds of metals, with the celebrated Divining Rod; Charms to make your Sweetheart love you; to make your Lover pop the question; together with Twenty Ways of Telling Fortunes on New Year's Eve. This book contains 144 pages, and is bound in pasteboard sides, with cloth back. It is illustrated with numerous engravings. It also contains a large colored Lithographic Engraving of the Golden Wheel, which folds up. It is the cheapest book on our list. 40 cents.

COURTSHIP MADE EASY; or, The Art of Making Love Fully Explained. Containing full and minute directions for Conducting a Courtship with Ladies of every age and position in society and valuable information, for persons who desire to enter the marriage state. Also forms of Love Letters to be used on certain occasions. 64 pages, price 15 cents.

A country "chap," who recently visited the city for the first time, gives his views of the ladies in this way:

"Somewhere in every circumference of silk and velvet that wriggles along, there's allars a woman, I s'pose; but how much of the holler is filled in with meat, and how much is gammon, the spectator dun no. A feller marrys a wife, and finds, when it comes to the pint, that he has nuthin in his arms but regular anatomy. Ef men is gay deseevers, wot's to be said of the female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, but hasn't reely as much fat on her as would grease a griddle?—all the aparient plumpness consisting of cotton and whalebone."

TRYING TO GET AROUND A FEMALE.

Cause a set of dominoes to be shuffled together as much as any of the company may desire. You propose to leave the room in which the audience are assembled, and you assert that from your retreat, be it where it may, you can see, and will be able to tell, the two numbers forming the extremes of a line composed of the entire set, according to the rules established for laying one domino after another in the draw game.

All the magic consists in taking up and carrying away, unknown to every one, one domino (not a double one) taken at hazard; for the two numbers on it must be the same as those on the ends of the two outer dominoes. This experiment may be renewed, *ad infinitum*, by your taking each time a different domino, which, of course, changes the numbers to be guessed.

LE MARCHAND'S FORTUNE-TELLER AND DREAMER'S DICTIONARY. Containing a complete Dictionary of Dreams, alphabetically arranged, with a clear interpretation of each Dream, and the Lucky Numbers that belong to them. Also, showing how to tell fortunes by the Wonderful and Mysterious Lady's Love Oracle. How to Foretell the Sex and Number of Children. How to Make a Lover or Sweetheart Come to You. To tell whether your Lover or Sweetheart Loves You. How to tell any Person's Age. To know who your future Husband will be, and how soon you will be Married. To ascertain whether your Husband or Wife is True to You. How to tell Future Events with Cards, Dice, Tea, and Coffee Grounds, Eggs, Apple Parings, and the Lines of the Hand. How to tell a Person's Character by Cabalistic Calculations, etc. By Madame Le Marchand, the celebrated Parisian Fortune-Teller. Illustrated with numerous wood engravings. This book contains 144 pages, and is bound in pasteboard, cloth back. 40 cents.

A miserable grumbling victim of a husband anathematizes those seductively pretty bonnets that milliners will exhibit in their shop-windows to tempt poor frail women to step inside and purchase. He characterizes a milliner's shop as a duck-pond, full of nothing but decoy ducks.

DR. VALENTINE'S COMIC LECTURES; or, Morsels of Mirth for the Melancholy. A Budget of Wit and Humor, and a certain cure for the blues and all other serious complaints. Comprising Comic Lectures on Heads, Faces, Noses, Mouths, Animal Magnetism, etc., with Specimens of Eloquence, Transactions of Learned Societies, Delineations of Eccentric Characters, Comic Songs, etc., etc. By Dr. W. Valentine, the favorite delineator of eccentric characters. Illustrated with twelve portraits of Dr. Valentine, in his most celebrated characters. 12mo., cloth, gilt, price $1 25; ornamented paper cover, price 75 cents.

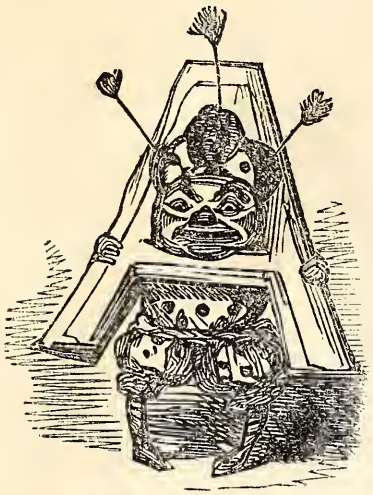
Sound moves about thirteen miles in a minute. So that if we hear a clap of thunder half a minute after the flash, we may calculate that the discharge of electricity is six and a half miles off.

In one second of time—in one beat of the pendulum of a clock—light travels over 192,000 miles. Were a cannon-ball shot toward the sun, and it were to maintain full speed, it would be twenty years in reaching it—and yet light travels through this space in seven or eight minutes.

THE first of April is the season for practical jokes. It is curious with what zest people observe this ridiculous custom of fooling their neighbors yearly. The observance is as old as history, and even the old Hebrew prophets have been used for this purpose, as will be seen by reference to Hosea, xv. chapter, 10th to 14th verses.

A gentleman, just returned to this country from a tour in Europe, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii.

"Not very well," was the reply; "they are so much out of repair."



A FRIEND of mine was visiting the White Hills, in the Granite State, last year, and one day, while passing a house, observed a little child at the door with what he considered a dangerous plaything — viz., a chisel; and, thinking it kindness, according- stepped in to inform the parent. "Madam," said he, "are you aware that your child has got the chisel?"

"Why, the mercy on me!" exclaimed the mother. "Well, I knew something was the matter, for the child has been ailing a long time."

My friend left *instanter*.

FROST'S DIALOGUES FOR YOUNG FOLKS. A Collection of Original, Moral, and Humorous Dialogues. Adapted to the use of School and Church Exhibitions, Family Gatherings, and Juvenile Celebrations on all Occasions. By S. A Frost, Author of *The Parlor Stage*, *Frost's Original Letter-Writer*, etc.

This collection of Dialogues is just what has long been wanted—it contains a variety that will suit every taste; some of the subjects are humorous, some satirical, hitting at the follies of vice and fashion, while others are pathetic, and all are entertaining. A few of the Dialogues are long enough to form a sort of little drama that will interest more advanced scholars, while short and easy ones abound for the use of quite young children. Most of the Dialogues introduce two or three characters only, but some require a greater number.

The subjects chosen will, it is hoped, be found useful in conveying sound moral instruction as well as giving the opportunity to display memory and vivacity in rendering them. Paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, cloth back, side in colors, price 50 cents.

HARRY F—— tells a good story of one of the baggage-masters at a station on the Boston and Albany railroad, a fat, good-natured, droll fellow, whose jokes have become quite popular on the road. His name is Bill. A few mornings since, while in the performance of his duties in changing baggage, an ugly little Scotch terrier got in his way, and he gave him a smart kick, which sent him over the track, yelping. The owner of the dog soon appeared in high dudgeon, wanting to know why he kicked the dog. "Was that your dog?" asked Bill, with his usual drawl. "Certainly it was; what right have you to kick him?" "He's mad," said Bill. "No, he's not mad, either," said the owner. "Well, I should be if anybody kicked me in that way," responded Bill.

Some time ago, there was a dancing party in Wisconsin. Most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant men volunteered to mind the young ones while the parents indulged in a break down. No sooner had the mothers left the babies in charge of the mischievous rogues than they stripped the infants, changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in the dress of her own, and started to their homes, some ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a tremendous row in the settlement; mothers had found that a single night had changed the sex of their babies; observation disclosed other curious physical phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, it took two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their natural sweet disposition. To this day it is unsafe for any one of the baby mixers to venture into the territory.

FRANK CONVERSE'S COMPLETE BANJO INSTRUCTOR, WITHOUT A MASTER. Containg a choice collection of Banjo Solos, Hornpipes, Reels, Jigs, Walk-Arounds, Songs, and Banjo Stories, progressively arranged and plainly explained, enabling the learner to become a proficient banjoist without the aid of a teacher. The necessary explanations accompany each tune, and are placed under the notes on each page, plainly showing the string required, the finger to be used for stopping it, the manner of striking, and the number of times it must be sounded. This is all arranged and explained in so clear a manner, and the method is so simple and easy to learn, that it may be readily comprehended at a glance by any person, even of very limited understanding. The Instructor is illustrated with diagrams and explanatory symbols. 100 pages, bound in boards, cloth back, 50 cts.

Take an ordinary visiting-card, and bend down the ends as represented in the annexed figure; then ask any person to blow it over. This seems easy enough, but it may be tried for hours without succeeding. It is, however, to be done by blowing sharply on the table, at some distance from the card.

---

100 Tricks with Cards. J. H. Green, the Reformed Gambler, has just authorized the publication of a new edition of his book entitled, "Gamblers' Tricks with Cards Exposed and Explained." This is a book of 96 pages, and it exposes and explains all the Mysteries of the Gambling Tables. It is interesting, not only to those who play, but to those who do not. Old players will get some new ideas from this curious book. Paper covers, price 30 cts.; bound in boards, with cloth backs, price 50 cts.

I'LL tell you how it was. You see, Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and found my knife and it was gone, and I said, "Bill, you stole my knife;" and he said I was another, and I said go there yourself; and he said it was no such thing; and I said he was a liar, and I could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles; and I said for him to fork over that knife or fix him for a tombstone on Laurel Hill; and he said my grandmother was no gentleman; and I said he dersn't take it up; but he did, you bet; then I got up again, and said he was too much afraid to try it again, and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and threw him down on top of me like several bricks; and I tell you it beat all, and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog, to fetch him back, and didn't catch him until I got clear home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye very black?

How to Dress with Taste. Containing hints on the harmony of colors, the theory of contrast, the complexion, shape, or height. Price 12 cents.

A newspaper correspondent, writing from a Southern city, says:

"In the old flush times, a passenger on a river boat accosted a little negro boy with an inquiry usual at that day—"Who do you belong to?"

"Don't know, sir," answered the boy.

"Why don't you know?"

"When I come aboard, I b'longs to Massa Sam White; but last night he went me on too little par, an' de clerk of the boat he win me. Den Kunnel Smiff he beat the clerk on a bluff, an' he had me last; so I dunno, massa, who I b'longs to till de game close."

I HAD it from a friend, that young Stickles, when asked what he thought of the present style of ladies' hoops, replied that he liked them very much—as far as he could see

---

Goethe tells the following story, which amusingly illustrates the capacity for drink of the Rhinelanders:

"The Bishop of Mayence once delivered a sermon against drunkenness, and, after painting in the strongest colors the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows: 'But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use; for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but if any man at the seventh or eight bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children, and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if, after drinking eight, or even ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully take his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more; for it is seldom that Providence gives anyone special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do, without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper.'"

The Science of Self-Defence. A treatise on Sparring and Wrestling. Including complete instructions in Training and Physical Development; also, several remarks upon, and a course prescribed for the reduction of corpulency. By Edmund E. Price. Illustrated with explanatory engravings.

This book was written by Ned Price, the celebrated boxer, and is the best work that was ever written upon the subject of Sparring and Wrestling. It contains all the tricks and stratagems resorted to by professional boxers, and the descriptions of the passes, blows, and parries, are all clearly explained by the aid of numerous diagrams and engravings. That portion of the work which treats of wrestling is particularly thorough, and is well illustrated with engravings. All those persons who desire to acquire the art of Self-Defence, should get a copy of this work. Bound in boards, price 75 cents.

A Sermon on Keards, Hosses, Fiddles, and Foolin' with the Gals. — "My sin-stricken bretherin and sisters, thar Lord only knows how I'm going to bring this hyar congregation out of the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. Whar's the sense of my wrastlin's in prayer? whar's the good of my groanin's in sperit? whar's the use in my ridin' down hear every Lord's day mornin'—and thar corderoy mighty bad at that—to try an' save these hyar sinners from the brimstone and fire as is to come? whar's the sense, I say, my brethern? for I tell yeou all, an' I jest allow that thar Lord knows it too, that thar's some of yeou a-settin' hyar, that dance out at thar toes in a week all thar religion that thar minister kin hammer into thar heads, let alone thar hearts, with prar-meetin's, and preachin', and singin' of psalms, through a hull year round. Yes, my bretherin and sisters, it's thar wickedness of Christmas week, thar dancin', and thar foolin, and thar drinkin', and their gamblin', that does thar devil's work hyar; an' whar will yeou be, my bretherin — yes, whar will you be, I say, when Satan comes a huntin' his own, or as is remarked in thar Scripters, like a roarin' lion goin' round to see what he kin devour? Take kear my bretherin, take kear."

And again, in allusion to the prayer-meeting business:

"Whar's thar good in invitin' yeou inter prayer-meetin's, when yeou air always excusin' yeourselves and never thar? Ef it war a corn-huskin', wouldn't yeou be thar? Well, you would; and I jest know ef it war a hoss-race, yeou'd be sure to be thar. But how is it when we want yeou to serve thar Lord, an' call on yeou to come up an' help us—air you thar then? Well, yeou ain't, bretherin; an' why ain't yeou? because thar ain't no keards, nor quarter hosses, nor fiddles, nor dancin', nor foolin' with the gals—thar's the why. An' how was it t'other night, my bretherin, when Deacon Graves and yeour preacher war all that war thar? Well, it rained, s'pose it did; air yeou sugar or air yeou salt? and wouldn't yeou hev gone, ef yeou had bin sugar or salt, ef it war to a frolic? Well, yeou would. Yeou're a travellin' that broad road the hull on yeou; it's dreadful nice now; it ain't steep, and hain't got no ruts inter it; but yeou'd better be agoin' the narrer one; yes, ef it war all corderoy and hog-wallow yeou'd do well to be agoin' of it; for when thar folks as travel it air a shoutin' glory, and halleluya, whar will yeou be? A wailin' and a nashin' of yeour teeth—thar's whar."

And again:

"When I go inter thar house of a professor of religion, an' see thar thar backgammon-board, and thar dice-box, or may be a pack of keards, a lyin' on the table, I allow that thar, in that house, thar's somethin' wrong. Do yeou see them air things in my cabin, my bretherin, or in Deacon Grave's cabin? Well, yeou don't. But thar's a Bible thar, an' a hymn-book, an' a sound of prayer, an' a shout of thanksgivin' thar. Well, thar is.

How to Mix Drinks. Containing Recipes for Mixing American, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian Drinks—such as Juleps, Punches, Cobblers, Slings, Cocktails, etc. By Jerry Thomas, late Bar-Tender at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, and Planter's House, St. Louis. To which is appended a Manual for the Manufacture of Cordials, Liquors, Fancy Syrups, etc., containing Recipes after the most approved methods now used in the Distillation of Liquors and Beverages, designed for the special use of Manufacturers and Dealers in Wines and Spirits, Grocers, Tavern Keepers and Private Families—the same being adapted to the trade of the United States and Canadas. By Prof Christian Schultz, Practical Chemist, and Manufacturer of Wines, Liquors, Cordials, etc., from Berne, Switzerland; the whole work containing over 700 valuable recipes. A large book, bound in cloth, price $2 50.

The Ladies' Complete Guide to Crochet, Fancy Knitting and Needle Work. Containing an explanation of all the technical terms and characters used in all descriptions of Crochet and Fancy Knitting Patterns—with concise directions so clearly explained that any one can learn, by this book alone, to execute the most difficult kinds of Crochet and Knitting. Also, full instructions for all kinds of fine Needle-work, Edgings, Insertions, &c., &c. The instructions are illustrated by engravings, and there are several sheets of patterns for Crochet, Lace, &c. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Bound in cloth, gilt side, price $1 25.

An Editor's Ideas of Babies.—An editor who has been married about a year, speaking of the babies, says: "The delight of the days, the torments of the nights; elegant in full dress, but horrible in *dishabille;* beautiful on the smile, but maddening on the yell; exquisitely in place in the nursery, but awfully out of place in the parlor or railway carriage; the well-springs of delight, and the recipients of unlimited spankings; the glory of 'pa,' the happiness of 'ma'—who wouldn't have 'em?"

OY AGAIN.—A company of gentlemen were, not long since, whiling an evening away by singing songs and relating anecdotes, when one asked for the song of "Would I were a boy again;" at which "Old Piute" (John K. Lovejoy), who was present, broke out as follows:

"A boy again! Who would be a boy again if he could; to have the measles, mumps, and itch; to get licked by bigger boys, and scolded by elder brothers; to stub your toes; to have the belly-ache from swallowing cherry-stones; to get lousy helping Irish Mike do his sums; to have chapped hands and frozen toes; to slip on the ice; to do chores; to get your ears boxed; to get spanked with a slipper; to get whaled by a thick-headed school-master; to be made to stand up as the 'dunce' for the amusement of the school; to have visitors come to school and tell you how miserably weak and stupid you were when you were born, and to ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in your life if your parents had not been so patient with and kind to you (of course, it was all one's fault that he was born, and his parents were in no way concerned or interested in the matter); to eat at the second table when company comes; to set out cabbage-plants because you are little, and consequently it won't make your back ache much; to be made to go to school when you don't want to; to get spelled down in school; to lose your marbles; to have your sled broken; to get hit in the eye with frozen apples and soggy snowballs; to cut your finger; to lose your knife; to have a hole in the rear of your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you; to be called a coward if you won't fight at school; to be whaled at home if you do fight at school; to be stuck after a little girl, and dare not tell her; to have a boy too big for you to lick tell you your sweetheart squints; to have your sweetheart cut dead, affiliate with that boy John Smith, whom you hate particularly because he set your nose up the week before; to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy; to have no fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas; to want a piece of bread-and-butter with honey and get your ears pulled; to be kept from the circus when it comes to town, and when all the other boys go; to get pounded for stealing roasting-ears; to get run by bull-dogs for trying to nip water-melons; to have the canker rash, catechism, and stone-bruises; to be called up to kiss all the old women that visit your mother; to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own dear sister; to be told of what scorching times little boys will have who tell lies and are not like George Washington; to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school-ma'am on the sly and to wish you was big to kiss too, and—and—why, d—n being a boy again."

Pettengill's Perfect Fortune-Teller and Dream-Book; or, The Art of Discerning Future Events. This is a most complete Fortune-Teller and Dream Book. It is compiled with great care from authorities on Astrology, Geology, Chiromancy, Necromancy, Spiritual Philosophy, etc., etc. Among the subjects treated of are—Casting Nativities by the Stars. Telling Fortunes by Lines on the Hand, by Moles on the Body, by Turning Cards, by Questions of Destiny, by Physical Appearances, by the Day of Birth, etc. Signs of Character from the Shape of the Finger Nails, the Nose, the Eyes, the Marks on the Body, the Shape of the Head; and also, Signs to Choose Husbands and Wives, etc. A book of 144 pages, bound in boards, with cloth back, 40 cents.

How to Win and How to Woo. Containing Rules for the Etiquette of Courtship, with directions showing how to win the favor of the Ladies, how to begin and end a Courtship, and how Love Letters should be written. Price 13 cents.

A certain farmer's wife, after having her child baptized in church, waited in the vestry till service was over, to have the Registrar's certificate endorsed in the usual manner. The minister, not being quite sure of the date, said, in an interrogative tone: "This is the twentieth, I think?"

The worthy matron, understanding the query to refer to number of her family, very indignantly retorted: "I think, sir, ye're very impudent, for it's only the thirteenth."

Old Billy W—— was dying. He was an ignorant man, and a very wicked one. Dr. D——, an excellent physician, and a very pious man, was attending him. The old fellow asked for bread. The doctor approached the bedside, and, in a very solemn tone, remarked: "My dear fellow, man cannot live by bread alone." "No," said the old fellow, slightly reviving; "he's bleeged to have a few wegetables." The subject was dropped.

ARTINE'S SENSIBLE LETTER-WRITER: Being a Comprehensive and Complete Guide and Assistant for those who desire to carry on Epistolary Correspondence. Containing a large collection of model letters, on the simplest matters of life, adapted to all ages and conditions, embracing business letters; applications for employment, with letters of recommendation and answers to advertisements; letters between parents and children; letters of friendly counsel and remonstrance; letters soliciting advice, assistance, and friendly favors; letters of courtesy, friendship, and affection; letters of condolence and sympathy; a choice collection of love-letters, for every situation in a courtship; notes of ceremony, familiar invitations, etc., together with notes of acceptance and regret. The whole containing 300 sensible letters and notes. This is an invaluable book for those persons who have not had sufficient practice to enable them to write letters without great effort. It contains such a variety of letters that models may be found to suit every subject. Bound in boards, with illuminated cover and cloth back, 207 pages, price 50 cents; bound in cloth, 75 cents.

"Dar ar," said a sable orator, addressing his brethren, "two roads tho' dis world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdiction, and de oder a narrow and broad road dat leads to destruction."

"Ef dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullud indiwidual takes to de woods."

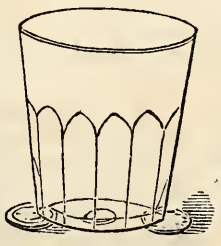
HE following occurred recently at a church which has, we are told, something of a reputation for its noisy mode of worship:

During an evening prayer-meeting, one member was praying with much earnestness and an abundance of zeal, rubbing and spatting his hands, shouting at the top of his voice, whilst a number of others were chiming in, endorsing what the praying member said, and joining in the entreaty and supplication by such exclamations as "Yes, do, Lord," etc. The praying member went on with his prayer, growing more excited, more animated, more enraptured, beseechingly supplicating and imploring, saying: "Come down here, Lord; come right down among us; come right here to-night; come right through the roof!" Another member, equally excited and enthusiastic, and who, it seems, was carried away by the shouting brother, and had the tantrums about as bad, here joined in, and said: "Yes, come, Lord, right down through the roof, and I'll pay for the shingles."

LAUGHING GAS. An Encyclopedia of Wit, Wisdom and Wind. By Sam Slick, Jr. Comically illustrated with 100 original and laughable Engravings, and nearly 500 side extending Jokes, and other things to get fat on; and the best of it is, that everything about the book is new and fresh—all new—new designs, new stories, new type—no comic almanac stuff. It will be found a complete antidote to "hard times." Price 30 cts.

An old toper addresses his bottle thus:

"'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full."



Lay a dime between two half-dollars, and place upon the larger coins a glass, as in the diagram. Remove the dime without displacing either of the half-dollars or the glass. After having placed the glass and coins as indicated, simply scratch the table-cloth with the nail of the forefinger in the direction you would have the dime to move, and it will answer immediately. The table-cloth is necessary; for this reason, the trick is best suited to the breakfast or dinner table.

Many years ago, in the northern part of New Jersey, a Judge of Dutch descent conducted a murder trial. The evidence was all in, and the judge had gone out to replenish the inner man previous to giving his charge. As he returned into court, he found the prisoner playing old sledge with the sheriff, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. He took his seat, and began his charge as follows: "Misder Foreman and toder jurymans: Der brisoner, Hans Vleckter, is finished his game mit der sheriff, und has peat him; but I shall dake gare he don't peat me. Hans has peen dried for murder pefore you, and you must pring in der vardick; put it must pe 'cordin' to der law. De man he kilt wasn't kilt at all, as it was broved he is in der jail at Morrisdown for sheep-sdealin'. Put dat ish no madder. Der law says ven dere ish a tout, you give 'em to der brisoner; put here dere ish no tout; so you see der brisoner ish guilty. Pesides, he ish a great loafer. I haf knowd him vifty year, und he hashn't tone a sditch of work in all dat dime, und dare ish no one debending ubon him vor deir lifin, und he ish no use to nopody. I dink it vould be goot blans to hang him for de example. I dink, Mr. Voremans, dat he petter be hung next vourt o' Shuly, ash der militia ish goin' to drain in anoder gounty, und dere vould pe no vun goin' on here." It should be added, to the credit of the jury, that, in spite of this learned and impartial charge, they acquitted the "brisoner," finding him "not guilty, if he would leave the State."

BOXING MADE EASY; or, The Complete Manual of Self-Defence. Clearly Explained and Illustrated in a Series of Easy Lessons, with some Important Hints to Wrestlers. Price 15 cents.

AMERICAN CARD-PLAYER. Containing clear and comprehensive directions for playing the Games of Euchre, Whist, Bezique, All-Fours, French Fours, Cribbage, Cassino, Straight and Draw Poker, Whisky Poker, and Commercial Pitch, together with all the laws of those Games. This work is abridged from "The American Hoyle," our larger Book on Games. 150 pages, bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents; bound in cloth, gilt side, price 75 cents.

A friend tells us that a few days since he saw and heard the following:

[Scene—Folsom Railroad. A passenger stretched full length upon one of the benches in the smoking-car, with a "vevayan" in his mouth.]

Polite Conductor (gathering tickets)—"How are you, Thomas? Glad to see you; seldom catch sight of you on this road."

Passenger (lazily blowing out the smoke)—"No, John, not often. The fact is, when I have business up this way, I generally take a horse and wagon; but as I am in no hurry to-day—time not of the slightest consequence—I thought I might as well use the cars." It is said the conductor had instant business elsewhere; but we are told that several hours afterward, at the terminus, the two were seen looking through tumblers.

THE FINGER-POST TO PUBLIC BUSINESS. Containing the mode of forming and conducting Societies, Clubs, and other Organized Associations; full Rules of Order for the government of their debates and business; complete directions how to compose resolutions, reports, and petitions; and the manner of managing Conventions, Public Meetings, Celebrations, Dinners, Barbecues, and Picnics; Models of Constitutions for Lyceums, Institutes, and other Societies. With rules of Cricket, Base Ball, Shinny, Quoits, Yachting, and Rowing, and Instructions concerning Incorporations. Hints about Libraries and Museums, with a Catalogue of desirable Books, and a List of American Coins; and Rules for the collection and preservation of books, MSS., and objects of Curiosity. Rules for Debating, and the composition and delivery of Public Addresses, with examples of figures of speech and a selection of specimens of style from various American orators. Together with an appendix, containing the original Articles of Confederation of the United States, the Constitution, the celebrated Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, and other documents of reference. By an ex-Member of the Philadelphia Bar. 12mo., cloth, price $1 50.

Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a business man, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, and he says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Pitts is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself: "I'm getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities would not let him wait, so off he travels, and, calling upon a lady friend, opened conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh! Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially, and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded: "Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A lady, in giving directions to a new servant, the other evening, said: "Now, Biddy, as soon as you have breakfast ready to-morrow morning, you must ring the bell."

"Shure an' I'll do it, mum," said Biddy.

At an unusually early hour the next morning, there came a fearful tug at the door-bell—a tug that almost broke the wire, and sent both husband and wife into an upright position in bed. The ringing continued with frightful energy. The master of the house pulled on his pants, and, without waiting for slippers or dressing-gown, hurries, in surprise, to the door. There stood Biddy upon the door-step, with a countenance radiant in the consciousness of a faithfully discharged duty, and, with a low courtesy, exclaimed: "Breakfast is ready, sir."

HOWARD'S BOOK OF CONUNDRUMS AND RIDDLES. Containing over 1,200 of the best Conundrums, Riddles, Enigmas, Ingenious Catches, and Amusing Sells ever invented. This splendid collection of curious paradoxes will afford the material for a never-ending feast of fun and amusement. Any person, with the assistance of this book, may take the lead in entertaining a company and keeping them in roars of laughter for hours together. It is an invaluable companion at a Pic-Nic, or Summer Excursion of any kind, and is just the thing to make a fireside circle merry on a long winter's evening. There is not a bad riddle in the book, the majority being fresh and of the highest order. Paper cover, price 30 cents; bound in boards, cloth back, price 50 cents.

AN OLD BLOWER.

MARACHE'S MANUAL OF CHESS. Containing a description of the Board and the Pieces, Chess Notation, Technical Terms, with diagrams illustrating them, Relative Value of the Pieces, Laws of the Game, General Observations on the Pieces, Preliminary Games for Beginners, Fifty Openings of Games, giving all the latest discoveries of Modern Masters, with best games and copious notes. Twenty Endings of Games, showing easiest ways of effecting Checkmate. Thirty-six ingenious Diagram Problems, and Sixteen curious Chess Stratagems. To which is added a Treatise on the Games of Backgammon, Russian Backgammon and Dominoes, the whole being one of the best Books for Beginners ever published. By N. MARACHE, Chess Editor of *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*. Bound in boards, cloth back, price 50 cents; bound in cloth, gilt side, price 75 cents.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S CARPET-BAG OF FUN. A Collection of over 1,000 of the most Comical Stories, Amusing Adventurer, Side-Splitting Jokes, Cheek-Extending Poetry, Funny Conundrums, queer sayings of Mrs. Partington, Heart-Rending Puns, Witty Repartees, etc. The whole illustrated by about 150 comic wood-cuts. 12mo., 300 pages, cloth, gilt, price $1 25; ornamented paper covers, price 75 cts.

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, having become enamelled of a siren of Boston, has led her to the menial altar. He didn't appear the least bit decomposed. On the back of his wedding-cards were little cubebs with wings.

NCE on a time, a party from New York were whiling away the dog-days as best they might among the sober and sedate denizens of a thriving little down-east seaport, who, as is not unusual with the descendants of the Pilgrims, combined with the strictest attention to their religious duties an almost preternatural devotion to the pursuit of the almighty dollar. One of the bright and shining lights of the locality was a certain Deacon M——, noted equally for his piety and his sharp practice as a business man. On a certain evening, while the New Yorkers were enjoying the hospitalities of the village hotel, he "happened in," and one of the party, who suspected that under his sanctimonious appearance there lurked a good deal of the "Old Adam," proposed to his companions to "sell the deacon." The proposition was agreed to *nem. con.*, and the suggester was appointed a committee of one to carry it out. Some of the party *chanced* to have in their pockets a few pennies with the centres punched out, intended for playing what is called the "penny game." In this game, a whole penny is placed on the counter, and upon it four pennies with their centres cut out. A die is then placed in the hollow space formed by the cut coins, and a whole penny is laid on the top, concealing it from view. Another die is then placed

on the centre of the top penny, which the spectators can of course see. These preparations having been secretly made, the operator places a dice-box over the whole, and announces that he is about to pass the die on the top of the coppers right through them and also through the counter on which they stand. He then puts his hand under the counter, and, on withdrawing it, produces a duplicate die, which he assures the company is the identical cube which they saw under the box lying on the upper penny. He next announces that he will pass the die back to its place by the same route. After disposing of the duplicate, he claims to have accomplished this feat, and offers to bet that the die is in its original position, which is true, as it has not been moved. The operator then wheels round to get a tumbler to put over the dice-box, in order to satisfy the spectators that there is "no trickery about it," and while his back is turned a confederate removes the die from under the box, and replaces the latter. Having "rendered trickery impossible," by means of the tumbler, the operator proceeds to make all the bets he can that the die is still under the box. He then lifts the box, and in doing so compresses its sides against the top coin and hollow pennies so as to lift them with it. By this movement he discloses the die which was concealed in the cavity, and wins the bet.

This pretty little trap was forthwith set for the exemplary deacon, and the individual who was to work it, going up to the bar, announced that he was about to perform a very curious sleight-of-hand trick. Everybody crowded to the counter to see the performance, Deacon M. being among the foremost. The pre-arranged manœuvres having been concluded, and the glass duly placed over the box, the conjuror declared his willingness to take bets to any amount. The good man's eyes began to snap and twinkle with greed. He was sure he had seen the die removed—there was no mistake about that. "Look here, young man," said he; "yeou think yeou're putty smart; but there's others just as smart as yeou are, and mebbe a leetle smarter. I don't never bet; but if I did, I could win all the money you've got, on that 'ere issoo."

By way of reply, the operator pulled out a roll of bills and invited him to cover it. No, he would not do that; it was agin his principles; but he could win every dollar if he chose. The operator bantered him and taunted him, until at last, after a long struggle with temptation, out came a ten dollar greenback; and as he drew it forth, the deacon exclaimed: "Thar, confound ye, I'll beat yeou outer ten dollars anyheow, just to take the conceit outer ye." It was quickly covered, the box lifted, the superfluous pennies transferred to the manipulator's left hand, and lo! the die was there! There was an instant's silence, and then one loud roar of laughter from thirty or forty throats literally shook the room, the getter-up of the affair throwing himself at full length on the counter, in a perfect agony of mirth. The victimized elder gave one distracted and despairing look at the die, and another at his victimizer; then, suddenly appreciating the situation, he rushed from the house, if not a wiser certainly a sadder man.

HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS; or, Laughter for a Lifetime. A large book of nearly 400 pages. By the author of Mrs. Partington's Carpet-Bag of Fun. Bound in a handsome gilt cover; containing more than a million laughs, and crowded full of funny stories, besides being illustrated with over 200 comical engravings, by Darley, McLennan, Bellew, &c. Price $1 50.

Aunt E—— was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown. "You see, my dear, how the little chickens go to roost at that time."

"Yes, Aunty," replied Eddy; "but the old hen always goes with them."

IN the neighborhood of —— street, lives Johannes Schmidt, a thriving young shoemaker.

Now, Johannes has been married nearly a year, and was made the happy father of a pair of bouncing twins a few days ago, and it is the story that hangs to those twins that we are now about to relate. The way we came to hear it was from his own lips, when Johannes was celebrating the happy event in his household by the imbibation of many and mighty draughts of beer.

His story was as follows:

"Katrina und I vas pout to pe marrit. Von nicht, ven I vas sot town py her side, mit von

arms rount her neck and toder arms squeezin' her stomach, ve fell to spraken pout te veddintay, vich vas so close den ash ever vos.

"Shust ven I had stool von good buss vrom Katrina's lips, vich vas so plump ash von pretzel, and schweet ash te lager, in coems a purty leetle gal, who vas no higher ash dis table, mit curls and all dem sort a tings all over her het. Katrina calt de leetle gal to her, and pat her on de het, and says to me: 'Johannes, ven ve done get marrit, I vonts von purty leetle gal like dis. Vill you gif me one, eh?'

"Now, I likes to look at von purty leetle gal; but den I don't like to pe de daddy mit von, and so I says: 'Nix. You shall have von poy. I loves poys.'

"'I shan't have a poy,' says Katrina; 'I hates poys.'

"'I'm —— if you shan't have a poy; I von't have gals,' I said.

"'Und I von't have a poy,' says Katrina; und den she broke out crying.

"I kissed her, und hugged her, und dried to make her feel so goot ash ever I cout; but she vould cry, und say she vant a gal.

"Den I gets mat ash der duyvel, und pushes Katrina over der vloor, und kicks over der cheer, und plays smash mit tings. But she keep say she vants a gal.

"Den I boots on my hat, und says: 'Ve vill get married, Katrina, ven you vants a poy;' und mit dat I schlams myself out mit der door.

"Doo, dree veeks pass, und Katrina still vants the gal and I vants the poy.

"Oh! I vas so unhap, und she vas so unhap, und ve both vas unhap ash so never vas in dis vorld pefore any two beeples. But vat vas ve to do?

"At last, I dells Shudge McVilliams apout der drouble, und he says: 'Vy, you —— Dutch fool, vy don't you und der gal marry und have dwins—dwo babies—a gal und a poy—and take von apiece, hey?'

"Sure enuff, I never dinks o' dat until der Shudge says to me, und den I runs right off to Katrina, und I says: 'Katrina, ve vill get marrit so tight ash never vas, und den ve vill have dwo babbies—der poy und der gal—und you shall have von und I shall have todder—und ve vill git 'long so nice togedder, hey?'

"Und she sed, 'Yah, so ve vill!' und den ve vas marrit; und now Katrina has der two babies, und sure enuff dey ish von poy und von gal, und Katrina's der happiest voman in der downs.

"Sachman, fill oop der glasses agin."

And when we left the saloon, Johannes was filling every one's stomach with beer, and ear with the story of the quarrel between him and Katrina.

The Lady's Manual of Fancy Work. A Complete Instructor in every variety of Ornamental Needle-Work, with a list of materials and hints for their selection; advice on making up and trimming. By Mrs. Pullan, Director of the Work-Table of Frank Leslie's Magazine, etc. Illustrated with over 300 engravings, by the best artists, with eight large pattern plates, elegantly printed in colors, on tinted paper. Large octavo, beautifully bound in cloth, with gilt side and back stamp, price $2 00.

A PAIR OF BLACK KIDS.

If you want to buy any kind of good cheap books, send to the great publishing house of Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Their house published books twenty years ago, and all books ordered from them are promptly sent by Mail, post-paid, the same day they receive the order for them. Read their list of books in these pages, and send for some of them. Copies of any books in this catalogue sent free of postage on receipt of price. Send cash orders to Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers, New York. In remitting, send post-office money-order when it can be obtained.

Behind and Before.—Those who are much *before* are guilty of a great *waste*—of time; and

those who are little behind should make it up by a *bustle*.

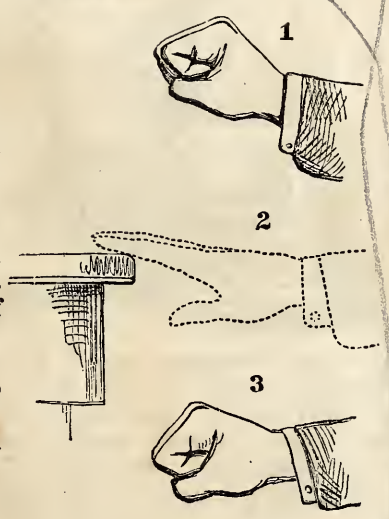
The Bordeaux Wine and Liquor Dealer's Guide. A Treatise on the Manufacture of French Wines and Liquors; with full directions to the liquor dealer how to manage his liquors, wines, etc., etc. A book of great value to every person who deals in Foreign and American Spirituous Liquors, or Foreign Wines, Cordials, etc. It tells exactly how all kinds of them are made. The directions are simply and easily understood. It also tells how to make all kinds of Ales, Porter, and other fermented liquor; how to manage Cider, etc. It is the best book of the kind ever issued. 12mo., cloth, price $2 50.

Umbrellas, some six years old, was common pro and pencil on a Sunday, of whoever n er, who was a minister, en- ment—and " : "My son, I prefer that you seen, having your slate on the Lord's posed to app drawing meeting-houses, fa- right in the prompt reply.

d the dal having been offered for *m Uni* ndrum, the prize was unhesi- tingi ER E d to the following from sev- al hu iris o Why is rascality like the east of noin l? Because it is a *piece of* *cane.* t

BROAD GRINS OF THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER. This book is really a good one, and no mistake! It is full of the drollest and queerest incidents imaginable, interspersed with jokes, quaint sayings, and funny pictures. We laughed so much when we printed the book that our sides ache yet. We beg of readers not to buy the book at all unless the purchaser is in such a state of health that will warrant a good deal of loud laughing without injury to the lungs. Those who are robust may enjoy a loud Ha! ha!! It also contains twenty-nine laughable engravings. 13 cents.

Select a marble mantel, or any other hard substance, then tell the spectators that by a certain preparation you use, you have made your knuckles so hard nothing can hurt them, in proof of which you offer to strike them on the marble slab of the mantel.



To do this, you raise your fist, firmly clinched, above the mantel, and as you bring it rapidly down, open your fingers suddenly and strike the marble, then close them again, as represented in the engraving, 1, 2, and 3. If this is quickly done, you will seem to have knocked your knuckles violently.

We desire to oblige, and any information in regard to books, etc., will be cheerfully given if a stamp is sent to prepay return postage. We never recommend books that we do not think will give satisfaction, for the sake of effecting a sale.

ALT W—— relates the following account of a short courtship. It is too good to keep:

"His name was Damphule; we used to call him Jackass, for short. Heaven help me if he should see this story! I hope he does not get the book.

"Among many of his misfortunes—for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed—he numbered the inconvenient one of bashfulness: nevertheless, he was fond of the ladies; although, when in their presence, he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak, he used both hands to help him; in fact, he was a man of 'great actions.'

"Jack, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man, and it was manly to have a 'penchant.'

"So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most hoydenish girl in the square; but how to tell his love! there was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the 'language of the eyes,' and he accordingly tried that; but when he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some persons on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eye. He has despised expressive eyes ever since then.

"At length, Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times; but she was obliged to leave the city for the season, and as each interview only increased his ardor, he determined on going it alone.

"Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants (being a leetle tighter than the skin), and a spotless vest.

"The journals of the day state, as an item of intelligence, that the thermometer ranged from seventy-five to eighty degrees. Jack swears it was a hundred.

"As the hour gradually drew near, Jack found his perspiration and his courage oozing together; and he almost determined to pull off, and stay at home. He concluded, however, he'd take a walk past the house, and see how he felt.

"By the time he reached the mansion, he firmly concluded not to go in; but on casting his eyes toward the parlor window, and perceiving no signs of life, he thought it was probable that no one was at home, and, since he had proceeded so far, he would proceed farther, and leave his card.

"No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment, he pulled the bell; the darned thing needn't make such a cussed noise.

"The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant-girl politely asked him in. Miss Emily

was in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him.

"O Lord! here was a fix! go into a dark parlor with a pretty girl alone! It was too late to retreat—the girl had closed the front door, and was pointing into the parlor where Miss Emily was.

"Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or slided. All was perfect chaos to his eye for a moment, but only for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice, 'bidding him welcome, and draw near.' To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed; but he little dreamt of the obstacle which fate had thrown in his way. He knew too well that the stream of love had many ripples; but full-grown snags entered not into his head. Judge, then, of his astonishment at being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet, by a fat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness, Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for any extra tension of the muscles and sinews. he not only procured a tumble, but also a compound fracture, extending all across that point which comes in closest contact with the chair.

"Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not 'setting him forward any,' he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and, drawing his coat-tails forward to prevent a disagreeable expose, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would when requested to dance upon a pile of needles.

"The young lady was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad misfortunes of the bashful lover; felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so as to induce him to make a remark. On this rock he split.

"Just at this moment, she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. What had become of it? She was sure she had it when he came in. It must certainly be somewhere about.

"'Haven't you got it under you, Mr. Damphule?'

"Jack was sure he had not, but poor Jack, in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and, of course, he must drop his coat-tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing wiper, he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so, the fracture opened; and behold! there lay, as the lady supposed, her property.

"It was the work of a moment to catch the corner, and exclaim: 'Here it is, sir; you needn't trouble yourself about it. Just raise a little; it's under you.'

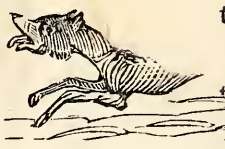
"At the same time, she gave it a long, hard pull. Alas! the tail was told. No escape; nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt.

"But what should he do? Another and another stronger pull evincing on the part of the lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost dry-goods, coupled with the request, 'Get up, sir; you're sitting on it,' determined him; and in the agony of the moment, and grabbing with

both h
which
God's s
"Wit
lady flec

A little boy
using his slat
when his fath
tered, and said
should not us
day." "I am
ther," was the

A leather me
the worst conu
y awarde
dred:



THE END OF THIS Ma fow

THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK. One of the
ordinary and interesting volumes ever printe
ing the Whole Art of Conjuring, and all the Di
in Magic ever made, either by ancient or modern p
sophers. It explains all Sleight-of-hand Tricks; Tr
and Deceptions with Cards; the Magic of Chemistry;
Mysterious Experiments in Electricity and Galvanism;
the Magic of Pneumatics, Aerostatics, Optics, etc.; the
Magic of Numbers; Curious Tricks in Geometry; Mysterious and Amusing Puzzles, and answers thereto; the
Magic of Art; Miscellaneous Tricks and Experiments;
Curious Fancies, etc., etc. The tricks are all illustrated
by Engravings and Tables, so as to make them easily understood and practised. As a volume for the amusement
of an evening party, this book cannot be surpassed. Gilt
binding, 352 pages, price $1 50.

Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly. Neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity. Secondly. Both are *bred* in the house, also *flower* in the family. Thirdly. Both have to be *cradled*. Fourthly. Both are generally well *thrashed* before they are done with.

SPAYTH'S DRAUGHTS; or, Checkers for Beginners. Being a comprehensive Guide for those who desire to learn the Game. The treatise was written by Henry Spayth, the celebrated player, and is by far the most complete and instructive elementary work on Draughts ever published. It is profusely illustrated with diagrams of ingenious stratagems, curious positions, and perplexing problems, and contains a great variety of interesting and instructive Games, progressively arranged and clearly explained with notes, so that the learner may easily comprehend them. With the aid of this valuable Manual, a beginner may soon master the theory of Checkers, and will only require a little practice to become proficient in the Game. Cloth, gilt side, price 75 cts.

Umbrellas, like dogs, are said to be common property—that is, the property of whoever may possess them at the moment—and "Si Slocum, Jr.," it will be seen, having lost his "umbrill," is disposed to appeal on the subject of legal right in the premises. He therefore addresses the following inquiries to the *American Union:*

MISTER EDITUR:—I'd like tu make a fue inquiris ov you, if you hev no objeckshun; knoin ez I doo that editurs take grate delite to answer awl questions, wile sum ov em devote much space in their ansers to kerrespondents.

The questions I wish to propose is ez follows, namely, to witt:

Iz it lawfully legul tu steal—away from a eatin shop with anuther chap's umbrill, which don't akordin tu the code morel ritefully belong tu you? If so, wich?

Ken umbrills be konfistikated with impoonity, by the seezers thereof? If so, I shood be happy to render ontu Seezer that which belongs tu Seezer; tu witt, an upper kut on the nasal promontory.

Iz umbrills kontraband ov war?

Duz posseshun ov umbrills deklare ownership, & give kontent?

Ken tha be konfiscated in church, ez well ez in eatin-shops & barrooms?

Iz thar eny redress in law?

Iz swoppin a new umbrill for an old one reckognized ez a legitimitt transackshun?

Ken a feller konfisticate 2 or more at a single hearin, or is one konsidered a kompetency?

Ken a freebooter kommoot, if overhauled, bi givin up a new silk umbrill for an old cotton spread, which he wur goin to leve behind him, havin no further use therefor?

Iz umbrills reckognized as property in wich a man ken soo and be sood?

Ar tha menshuned in the bill ov rites? Or in morel katekism?

Duz Koke upon Littleton treet ov umbrills, or duz he ignoar em?

Ken you rekuver at law a konfistikated gingham, or its equivilent in stamps? Or iz umbrills deklared tu be newtral property, in wich no man ken own a fee simple? Doo tha belong tu everybody in general & tu nobody in pertikler, or visy vursy?

Iz thare eny rites ov redempshun on umbrills?

Iz it wise to pre-empt on em? Iz it safe tu squot ontu umbrills & proklaim squotter suvrenty? Iz it konsidered a legitimitt transackshun tu confisticate a small boy's umbrill, in order tu save your hat?

Duz the law & the kommunity in general reckognize in thair vokabulary eny sich things ez umbrills, when a kounter klaim is sot up?

Tu konklood. Whence kums umbrills, & from whither doo tha hence?

I wuz led tu dedikate these questions, pertinent & tu the pint, I think, tu you, mistur Editor, on akount ov the exceeding loss of an umbrill, wich was an old hair loom of the Slocums. It was led astray bi sum appropriashunist during the late storm, while I was partakin ov sum hash.

A! HA!! SUT LOVINGOOD. Yarns Spun by "A Nat'ral Born Durn'd Fool." Warped and wove for public wear by George W. Harris. Illustrated with eight fine full-page engravings from designs by Howard. This book is crammed full of the most laughable stories ever published. 12mo., tinted paper, cloth, bevelled edges, price $1 75.

Why is fashionable society like a warming-pan? Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

The following trick will surprise a company, if well done. The performer should introduce the the diversion as follows:

"Do you desire me, ladies and gentlemen, to teach you my secret for making impromptu verses? It is to rub your forehead well, not with the hand, as Horace did of old, but by giving your head some good sound blows against a wall." Then proceed to knock your head three or four times against a door, and put your hand to your forehead, as if to deaden the pain produced by the violence of the blows. But you must do something more than merely touch the door that with your head. At the same moment you make the movements as if knocking yourself, you ward off the blow by the aid of the left hand held to the door, about the spot which you appear to strike, while the closed right hand, concealed from the audience, strikes on the other side of the door.

The correspondence of the movements of the head with the noise of the blows given by the clinched fist produces a perfect illusion on the minds of the spectators.

NED TURNER'S BLACK JOKES. A Collection of Funny Stories, Jokes, and Conundrums. Interspered with Ethiopian Dialogues and Comical Recitations, as given by Ned Turner, the celebrated Ethiopian Delineator and Equestrian Clown. Price 10 cents.

A Good Trick.—You take any handkerchief and put a quarter or a dime into it. You fold it up, laying the four corners over it so that it is entirely hidden by the last one. You ask the audience to touch and feel the coin inside. You then unfold it, and the coin has disappeared without anybody seeing it removed. The method is as follows:

Take a dime and privately put a piece of wax on one side of it; place it in the centre of the handkerchief, with the waxed side up; at the same time, bring the corner of the handkerchief marked A (as represented in Fig. 1), and completely hide the coin. This must be carefully done, or the company will discover the wax on the coin.

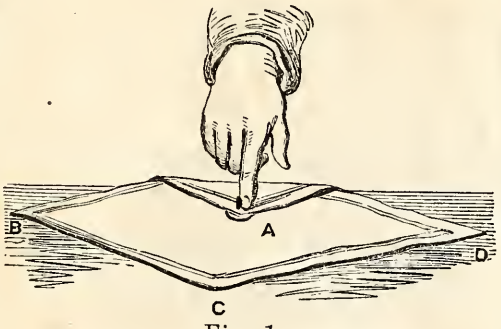


Fig. 1.

Now press the coin very hard, so that by means of the wax it sticks to the handkerchief; then fold the corners, B, C, and D (see Fig. 1), and it will resemble Fig 2.

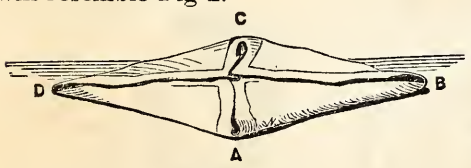


Fig. 2.

Then fold the corners, B, C, and D (see Fig. 2), leaving A open. Having done this, take hold of the handkerchief with both hands—as represented in Fig. 3—at the opening, A, and sliding along your fingers at the edge of the same, the handkerchief becomes unfolded, the coin adheres to it, coming into your right hand. Detach it, shake the handkerchief out, and the coin will have disappeared. To convince the audience the coin is in the handkerchief, drop it on the table, and it will sound against the wood. This is an easy trick.

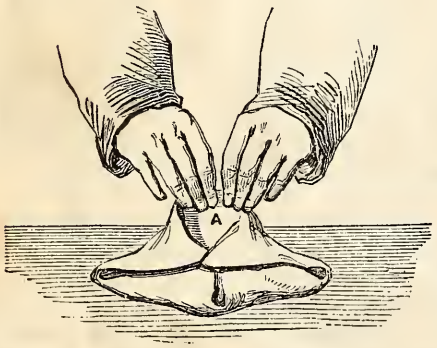


Fig. 3.

Charley White's Joke-Book. Containing a full expose of all the most laughable Jokes, Witticisms, etc., as told by the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian, Charles White. Price 12 cents.

An elderly lady who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist described them, asked him, "Can a body eat with these things?"

"My dear madam, mastification can be performed with a facility scarcely equalled by Nature herself," responded the dentist.

"Yes, I know; but can a body eat with them?"

To those wishing to order books by mail, we would recommend brevity in their instructious and clearness in their directions. For instance, we consider Mrs. James Sylvester a very sensible person, and here is a copy of her letter:

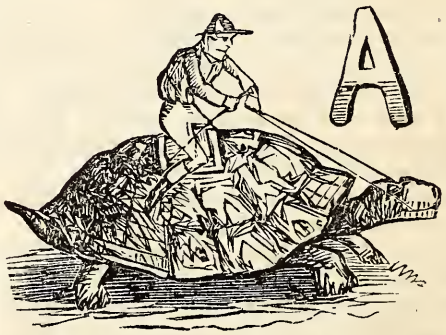
Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald,

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find $2 75, for which you will send me by return mail the following books:

Frost's Letter-Writer, ...	50
Inquire Within, ...	$1 50
The Modern Pocket Hoyle, ...	75
	$2 75

Please address,

Mrs. James Sylvester,
Barton,
Wayne Co., Ill.



To one time during the war, a large number of officers were stopping at various hotels in Washington, at the time, perhaps, when seven brigadiers were hit by the stone that missed the dog at which it was thrown from off Willard's. At that time, one of those terrible youngsters was crying, in front of the National Hotel: "Extra *Star*, third edition, another great battle!"

An officer coming out just then (a captain), the boy accosts him: "Colonel, have a *Star?*"

(They always indulge in a little flattery of brevetting, when occasion offers.) The officer buys, and, running his eyes over the paper eagerly, calls out: "Here, boy, I don't see any battle."

Getting beyond the range of the officer's boot, the newsboy replies: "No, you never will, lounging about these 'ere hotels."

Chips from Uncle Sam's Jack-knife. Illustrated with over 100 Comical Engravings, and comprising a collection of over 500 Laughable Stories, Funny Adventures, Comic Poetry, Queer Conundrums, Terrific Puns, Witty Sayings, Sublime Jokes, and Sentimental Sentences. The whole being a most perfect portfolio for those who love to laugh. Large octavo, price 25 cents.

Of all the plagues in this world of care
To make a man "wrathy," or make him swear,
There is nothing so bad, I must declare,
As a pinched-up understanding.
A fellow with boots a trifle too small
Is more to be pitied, by one and all,
Than an innocent pig fast under a wall,
Or drunken covies disbanding.

His instep and toes are terribly "squoze;"
His heels are as numb as tho' they were froze,
And all are as cold as a dead man's nose,
Or the fob of a defunct gobbler.
The nerves that run to the base of the brain
Are telegraph wires for strokes of pain,
That make him cry out again and again,
"A curse on the blundering cobbler!"

ANECDOTES OF LOVE. Being a true account of the most remarkable events connected with the History of Love in all ages and among all nations. By Lola Montez. These romantic and surprising anecdotes really contain all of the most tragic and comic events connected with the history of the tender passion among all nations and in all ages of the world. Large 12mo., cloth, price $1 50.

TALKING of eternal punishment, we recall to mind the story of a good old Methodist lady, very particular and very pious, who once kept a boarding-house at the North End.

Staunch to her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual faith, so that, in time, her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm. After some time, a bluff old sea-captain knocked at the door, and the old lady, prim as a Puritan, answered the call.

"Servant, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off as soon as I load."

"Wa-l, I don't know," said the old lady, hesitatingly.

"Oh! house full, eh?"

"No, but—"

"But what, ma'am?"

"I don't take any onclean or carnal people into my house. What do you believe?"

"About what?"

"Why, do you believe that anybody will be damned?"

"O thunder! yes."

"Do you?" said the good woman, brightening up. "Well, how many souls do you think will be in fire, in etarnity?"

"Don't know ma'am, really; never calculated that."

"Can't you guess?"

"Can't say: perhaps fifty thousand."

"Wal—hem!" mused the good woman, "I guess I'll take you; fifty thousand is better than nothing."

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTER-WRITER AND COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE; or, Concise Systematic Directions for Arranging and Writing Letters. Also, Model Correspondence in Friendship and Business, and a great variety of Model Love Letters. If any lady or gentleman desires to know how to *begin* a Love Correspondence, this is just the book they want. If they wish to speak their minds to a tardy, a bashful, or a careless or indifferent lover or sweetheart, this book tells exactly how it should be done. This work is also a Complete Book of Etiquette. You will find more real information in this book, than in half a dozen volumes of the more expensive ones. It is emphatically a book for the million, and one which every young person should have. As it contains Etiquette for Ladies, as well as for Gentlemen—Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage—Etiquette for writing Love Letters, and all that sort of thing, it is an appropriate book to present to a lady. This book contains 136 pages, and is bound in pasteboard sides, with cloth back, price 40 cents.

A gentleman, walking with two ladies, stepped on a hogshead hoop that flew up and struck him in the face. "Good gracious!" said he, "which of you ladies dropped that?"

HOW TO TALK AND DEBATE; or, Fluency of Speech Attained without the Sacrifice of Elegance and Sense. Price 12 cents.

MARRIAGES EXTRAORDINARY.

Botts—Bishop.—On Tuesday, by Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, Mr. Julian Botts to Miss Harriet Bishop.

We thought the horse's ailments
Fell not to human lots;
The church is not exempt, it seems—
A Bishop 's got the Botts.

Bell—Bare.—On the 1st instant, the Rev. Thomas D. Bell to Miss Harriet Bare.

He once was deemed a bold man that
In Scotland dared to "bell the cat;"
But nowadays e'en churchmen dare
Far greater feats, and bell the bear.
Which merits most renown? pray tell:
He bells the bear, she bears the bell.

Neill—Tier.—On Wednesday, Mr. William Neill to Miss Jane Tier.

A sad event, we rather fear,
She turned to kneel, and dropped a tear.

Wright—Buck.—On Monday, by the Rev. Mr. Seals, Henry W. Wright to Miss Orila Buck.

The parson seals their fate, 'tis very clear.
She's right for once—the buck has got its dear.

Cobb—Webb.—Last week, Mr. John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb.

A gruff old fool, who sits now just beside us,
Says in our ear: "Look out for little spiders.'

Lamb—Lyon.—On the 4th ult., Dr. Thomas Lamb to Miss Matilda Lyon.

Millennial advocates may sound
Their Gabrielic horns;
The end of time, the reign of peace,
This simple notice warns.

For lo! the lion lieth down
Together with the lamb;
And soon, perhaps, a little child
Shall lead them hand by hand.

Steed—Curry.—On the 9th instant, Thomas Steed, Esq., to Miss Sarah E. Curry.

Said Brown, "Tom Steed's so very small,
I fear he will be flurried."
"Oh! no," said Jones; a steed's a horse,
And a short one is soon curried."

Turn—Turn.—On the 14th, Mr. Joseph Turn to Miss Mary Turn.

Let's hope they were good children both,
And honored well their loving mother.
We can't complain in such event,
For "one good turn deserves another."

Moore—Moore.—On the 1st, Mr. William Moore to Miss Maria Moore.

The happiness they will enjoy
Is great beyond degree;
But when they have a little "More,"
Oh! won't it greater be?

Williams—Williams.—On the 29th ult., Mr. William Williams to Miss Lizzie Williams, both of Williamstown.

☞ For further particulars, see small bills.

"MY child," said a stern father to his little daughter, after church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?"

"Nothing, sir," was the timid reply.

"Nothing!" said he, severely. "Now remember, the next time you tell me something he says, or you must stay away from the church."

The next Sunday she came home, her eyes all excitement: "I remember something," said she.

"Ah! very glad of it," replied the father. "What did he say?"

"He said, pa," cried she delightedly, "a collec- will now be taken up."

Duncan's Masonic Ritual and Monitor; or, Guide to the Three Symbolic Degrees of the Ancient York Rite, Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason. And to the Degrees of Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and the Royal Arch. By Malcolm C. Duncan. Explained and Interpreted by copious Notes and numerous Engravings. Although this work is a complete Ritual of the Symbolic and Chapter Degrees, and is also profusely illustrated with engravings of the Secret Signs and Grips, it is not so much the design of the author to gratify the curiosity of the uninitiated, as to furnish a Guide to the Younger Members of the Order, by means of which their progress from grade to grade may be facilitated. It is a well-known fact that comparatively few of the fraternity are "Bright Masons," but with the aid of this invaluable Masonic Companion any Mason, can, in a short time, become qualified to take the Chair as Master of a Lodge. Everything in this book is clear and correct, and it gives in the plainest possible language an understandable description of all the Rites and Ceremonies practised in the above-named Degrees. Nothing is omitted in it that may tend to impart a full understanding of the principles of Masonry. The Ceremonies as they are (or should be) performed, the Pass-Words, Grips, Signs, Tokens, Jewels, Emblems, Lectures, and Plans of the Interior of Lodges, are all explained, with numerous Notes and Engravings (all new). This is a valuable book for the Fraternity, containing, as it does, the Modern "Work" of the order. No Mason should be without it. It is entirely different from any other Masonic book heretofore published. Bound in cloth, price $2 50; leather tucks (Pocket-Book Style), with gilt edges, price $3 00.

THE cuteness of the New England Yankee is proverbial.

Some years since, an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback from Massachusetts to the Green Mountains in Vermont. While travelling through the town of New Salem, his road led into a piece of wood some five miles in length, and long before he got out of which he began to entertain doubts whether he should be blest with the sight of a human habitation; but as all

things must have an end, so at last had the woods, and the nut-brown house of the farmer greeted his vision. Near the road was a tall, raw-boned, over-grown, lantern-jawed boy, probably seventeen years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold. What was lacking in length of his tow breeches was amply made up for behind; his suspenders appeared to be composed of birch bark, grape vine, and sheepskin; and as for his hat, which was of dingy white felt—poor thing! it had seen better days; but now, alas! it was only the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempests of time had beaten the top *in*, or the lad's expanding genius had burst it *out*, was difficult to tell; at any rate, it was missing; and through the aperture, red hairs in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short, he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld. Our travelling friend, feeling an itching to scrape an acquaintance with the crittur, drew up the reins of his horse, and began: "Hullo, my good friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan started up, leaned on his hoe-handle, rested one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg, and replied: "Hullo, yourself! How'd dew? Well, I juss can. 'Tain't near so far as it used to be afore they cut the woods away; then 'twas generally reckoned four miles; but now the sun shrivels up the road, and don't make more'n tew. The first house you come to, though, is a barn, and the next is a haystack; but old Hoskin's house is on beyant. You'll be sure to meet his gals long afore yew get there; tarnal rompin' critters, they plague our folks mor'n a little. His sheep get into our paster every day, and his gals in the orchard. Dad sets the dog arter the sheep, and me arter the gals; and the way we make the wool and short gowns fly is a sin to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man. Pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other."

"I never 'lows anyone to meddle with my grass-tanglers, mistur; but seein' it's yew, I'll tell ye. I was born so at my tickler request, so that when I hold a plough, I can go with one foot in the furrer and t'other on land, and not lop over; besides, it is very convenient when I mow round a side hill."

"Very good, indeed. How do your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come at all; I digs 'em out; and there's an everlastin' snarl of 'em in each hill."

"But they are small, I perceive."

"Yes, I know it. You see we planted some whoppin' blue-noses over in that 'ere patch there, and they flourished so allfired that these 'ere stopt growin' just out of spite, 'cause they know'd they couldn't begin to keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks ain't nothin'; it's all in the behavior. This 'ere hat was my religious Sunday-go-to-meetin' hat, and it's just as chockfull of goodness now as the dog is of fleas. I've a better one to hum; but I don't dig taters in it no how."

"You have been in those parts some time, I should guess?"

"I guess so tew. I was born'd and got my broughtin' up in that 'ere house; but my native place is down in Pordunk."

"Then you say it is about three and a half miles to the next house?"

"Yes, sir; 'twas a spell ago, and I don't b'lieve it's grow'd much shorter since."

"Much obliged. Good-by."

"Good-by to you. That's a darn slick horse of yourn."

MARTINE'S MANUAL OF ETIQUETTE AND PERFECT LETTER-WRITER, for the use of both Ladies and Gentlemen. 12mo., cloth, gilt side and back. A great many books have been printed on the subject of Etiquette and correct behavior in society, but none of them are sufficiently comprehensive and matter-of-fact to suit the class of people who may be called new beginners in fashionable life. This book is entirely different from others in that respect. It explains in a plain, common-sense way, precisely how to conduct yourself in every position in society. This book also contains over 300 sensible letters and notes suitable to every occasion in life, and is probably the best treatise on Letter-Writing that has ever been printed. It gives easily understood directions, that are brief and to the point. It has some excellent model letters of friendship and business, and its model Love-Letters are unequalled. If any lady or gentleman desires to know how to *begin* a love correspondence, this is just the book they want. This volume contains the same matter as *Martine's Hand-Book of Etiquette*, and *Martine's Sensible Letter-Writer*, and, in fact, combines those two books bound together in one substantial volume of 373 pages. $1 50.

"HAT d'ye think the chaps ashore call a hat?" said a jolly Jack tar, whose vessel was lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, to a shipmate enjoying a pipe by his side.

"I don't know," replied his messmate; "some outlandish name or other, I suppose.

"Why, they calls it a *sombrero*," said Jack.

"The cussed fools," said the other, "why can't they just as easy say hat at once?"

MADAM LE NORMAND'S UNERRING FORTUNE-TELLER. Containing the celebrated Oracle of Human Destiny, or Book of Fate, being an accurate Interpreter of the Mystical signs and Heavenly Bodies; also, embracing the French, Italian and English methods of Telling Fortunes with Cards, and a new and entertaining process of Fortune-Telling with Dice; also, containing seventy-nine good and bad Omens, with their Interpretation, 187 Weather Omens, and the Signification of all the Male and Female Names in our language. This interesting and curious book was written by Madam Le Normand, the great French Fortune-Teller, who was frequently consulted by the Emperor Napoleon, and it differs entirely from any other book published in this country. Those purchasing it will find it to be a source of much entertainment and fun in the family circle. This book contains 144 pages, and is bound in pasteboard sides, with cloth back. It is illustrated with numerous engravings. It also contains a large, colored lithographic engraving of the Mystical Table, or Chart of Fate, which folds up. Price 40 cents.

OM GRISWOLD, the fat contributor, expatiates about his horse experience as follows:

"I flatter myself that I know something about the horse race. I had a passion for horse-racing when a lad, and used to run horses with a neighbor's boy in Tompkin's lane. How vividly do I recall my last race? I rode the governor's grass-fed mare, a sorrel roan, if I remember correctly, with two white feet in the forehead. She was a little foundered in one eye; but with the exception of something like a watermelon on each knee, her intellect was unimpaired. She was sired by a canal horse, and d—d by everyone who drove her. Neighbor's boy rode a cream-colored chestnut, with a spring halt to harness. On the home stretch, I was a neck and half a shoulder-blade behind him, gently encouraging the old mare to do her level best by the application of a corn-cutter to her aged ribs. The limp which she had in her eye prevented her taking clear view of a heap of cobble stones in the lane, and when she struck them there was a stumble, a clatter of stones, horse-shoes, and old bones, and the old mare was wrecked and no insurance.

"I was picked up, bleeding and insensible, and made the remainder of the home stretch on a stretcher, coming in under one blanket. The race was decided in my favor. The judges allowed, although I was a neck behind when the old mare stumbled, yet as I escaped without my neck being broken, I came *out a neck ahead.*"

HE AL-MA-KANTUR CIRCLE; or, How to win a Sweetheart or Lover. Containing Facts and New Discoveries never before offered to the public. Being of the greatest importance to both Married and Single Persons, of both sexes. By M. L. Byrn, M. D., Graduate of the University of the City of New York. Price 25 cts.

CAROLINE TRACY, THE MILLINER'S APPRENTICE; or, Life in New York among the Loftly and Lowly. Being the Romantic Adventures of a Young Girl in New York during 1847 and 1848. This is a spirited romance of New York Life, and exposes some of the mysteries of this great city, in a way which will make the uninitiated stare. It is a book of near 100 closely-printed octavo pages, price 25 cts.

OME years since, I was employed as warehouse clerk in a large shipping-house in New Orleans. One day, a vessel came in, consigned to the house, having on board a large lot of cheese from New York; during the voyage, some of them became damaged by bilge water (the ship having been leaky), consequently the owners refused to receive it, as it was not as the bills of lading said—"delivered in good order, and well conditioned;" they were, therefore, sent to the consignees of the ship, to be stored until the case could be adjusted. I discovered, a few days afterward, that, as perfume, they were decidedly too fragrant to remain in the warehouse in June, and reported the same to the concern, from whom I received orders to have them overhauled, and send all that were passable to Beard & Calhoun's Auction Mart, to be disposed of for the benefit of the underwriters, and the rest to the swamp.

I got a gang of black boys to work on them, and they soon stirred 'em up. "By the bones of Moll Kelly's quart mug, but the smell was illegant."

Presently the boys turned out a big fellow, about three foot six "across the stump," from which the box had rotted off; in the centre, a space of about ten inches was very much decayed, and appeared to be about the consistency of mush, of a bluish tint, which was caused by the bilge water. The boys had just set it upon its edge, on a bale of gunny bags, when I noticed over the way a big darkey from Charleston, S. C., who was notorious for his butting propensities, having given most of the negroes in the vicinity a taste of his quality in that line. I had seen him and another fellow, the night previous, practising; they would stand one each side of a hydrant some ten yards distant, and run at each other, with their heads lowered, and, clapping their hands on the hydrant, they would butt like veteran rams.

A thought struck me that I might cure him of his his bragging and butting, and have some sport also; so I told the boys to keep dark, and I called old Jake over.

"They tell me that you are a great fellow for butting, Jake."

"I is some, massa, das a fac; I done butt de

wool 'tirely orf ob old Pete's head las night, and Massa Nichols was gwine to gib me goss. I kin juss buck de head orf ob any nigger in dese parts myself, I kin."

"Well, Jake, I have got a little job in that line for you when you haven't got anything else to do."

"I'se on han' for all dem kin ob jobs myself."

"Well, you see that large cheese back there?"

"I does dat; I does, myself."

"Now, if you can butt a dent in it, you shall have it."

"Golly, massa, you foolin' dis nigger."

"No, I am not, Jake; just try me."

"Wot! you gib me de hull ob dat cheese if I butt a dent in um?"

"Yes."

"Gorry! I'll bust 'm wide open, I will, myself. Jess stan' back dar, you Orleans niggers, and clar de track for ole Souf Carlina, case I'se a comin' myself, I is!"

And old Jake started back some fifty feet, and went at it at a good quick run, and the next instant I heard a dull, heavy sound, a kind of splash, and old Jake's head disappeared from sight, with the top just visible on the other side, as he arose with his new-fashioned neck-lace, the soft, rotten cheese oozing down all around him as it settled down, so that just his eyes were visible. From the centre of it, Jake's voice was scarcely audible and half smothered, as he vainly tried to remove the immense cheese.

"O-o-o-o! er! Mas, took um orf! O-o-o-o! bress me! Lif um up! Oh! oh!"

Meanwhile, I was nearly dead myself, having laid back on a cotton-bale, holding myself together to keep from bursting, while the boys stood round old Jake, paying him off.

"Massy sakes, how de nigger's bref smell! You doesn't clean your teeth, old Jake!"

"I say! you didn't make more dan four times dat han, did you, old hoss!"

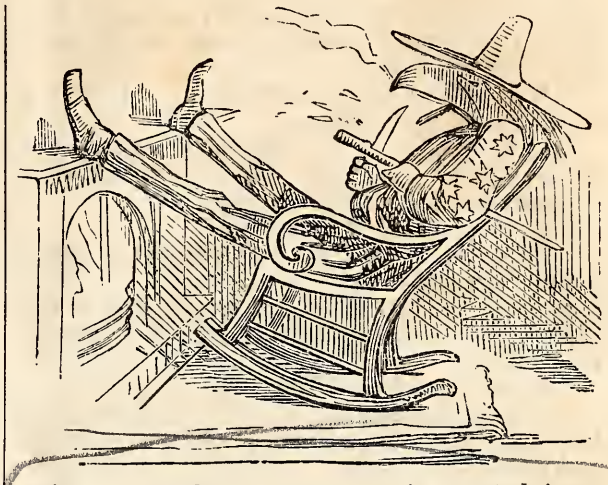
"Well, you is a nasty nigger, das a fac!"

"Well, you is de biggest kine of Welsh rabbit, you is!"

"Whar you git your bair-greese?" and thus the boys run old Jake—now half smothered—until I took compassion on him and told them to take it off. Jake didn't stay to claim his prize, but put out, growling: "I done got sole dat time. I'se a case of yeller feber, I is, myself."

Old Jake was never known to do any more butting in that vicinity after that, and I am still of the opinion that it was *not quite the cheese.*

Book of Household Pets. Containing valuable instructions about the Diseases, Breeding, Training and Management of Canary, Mocking Bird, Brown Thrush, or Thrasher, Blue Bird, Yellow Bird, Scarlet Tanager, Bobolink, Baltimore Oriole, European Black Bird, Blue Jay, Blue and Yellow Macaw, Carolina Parakeet, Cockatoo, Green and Gray Parrot, and the rearing and management of all kinds of Pigeons and Fancy Poultry, Rabbits, Squirrels, Guinea Pigs, White Mice and Dogs; together with a Comprehensive Treatise on the Principle and Management of the Salt and Fresh Water Aquarium, with instructions how to make, lay the foundation, and stock the Tank. Illustrated with 123 fine wood-cuts. Bound in boards, cloth back, price 50 cents; bound in cloth, gilt sides, price 75 cents.



A smart Yankee was one evening seated in a bar-room of a country tavern in Canada, whittling with a jack-knife. There were assembled several Englishmen, discussing various matters connected with the pomp and circumstance of war. In the course of his remarks, one of them stated that the British Government possessed the largest cannon in the world, and gave the dimensions of one he had seen.

The Yankee would not let such a base assertion pass uncontradicted. "Poh! gentlemen," said he; "I won't deny that it is a fair-sized cannon; but you are a leetle mistaken in supposing it is to be named the same minute with one of our Yankee guns which I saw in Charlestown last year. Why, sir, it was so large that the soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of oxen to draw in the ball!"

"And pray," exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph, "can you tell us how they got the oxen out again?"

"Of course I can," returned the Yankee; "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the touch-hole!"

NCE on a time, a lecturer in Portland, Me., or somewhere else, was explaining to a little girl how a lobster casts his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he:

"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?"

"Oh! no," replied the little one; "we let out the tucks."

Again a teacher explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle:

"What is that all over your face and hands?" said he.

"It's freckles, sir," answered the little cherub.

An answer of a similar character is often the result of a hard word.

"William," said a mother to her son, who had

already eaten a very considerable amount of dinner, "I don't know whether you can eat this pudding with impunity."

"Well, maybe not," said William. "I think I would rather have a spoon."

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's true benevolence."

"No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant; "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant-girl if the hired man had cleared off the snow with alacrity, she replied:

"No, ma'am; he used a shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally, and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunders. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman, who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug-store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting a while, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic, middle-aged lady with:

"Boy, I want to go to Dover-street."

"Well, ma'am, why don't you go there, then?" said the boy.

One day, on Lake George, a party of gentlemen strolling among the beautiful islands of the lake, with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and old straw hat, dangling a line over the side of a boat.

"Hello, boy, what are you doing?" said one of them.

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course; but what do you catch?" said the gentleman.

"Fish, you fool; what do you s'pose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied:

"I think they are going to thunder."

Also in the following dialogue:

"Hello, there! How do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

And also as when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom sadly begrimed, and was indignantly asked by his officer:

"Patrick O'Flynn, how long do you wear a shirt?"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds me of an incident which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham-street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shopkeeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put one on, for you need it."

Wit is said to excite an agreeable surprise. I fear the surprise here was not agreeable to one of the parties; but it was wit nevertheless.

If you want to buy any kind of good cheap books, send to the great publishing house of Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Their house published books twenty years ago, and all books ordered from them are promptly sent by Mail, post-paid, the same day they receive the order for them. Read their list of books in these pages, and send for some of them. Copies of any books in this catalogue sent free of postage on receipt of price. Send cash orders to Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers, New York. In remitting, send post-office money-order when it can be obtained.

A YOUNG MAN OF LOOSE HABITS.

THE FRENCH WINE AND LIQUOR MANUFACTURER. A Practical Guide and Receipt Book for the Liquor Merchant. Being a clear and comprehensive Treatise on the Manufacture and Imitation of Brandy, Rum, Gin and Whiskey, with practical Observations and Rules for the Manufacture and Management of all kinds of Wine, by Mixing, Boiling and Fermentation, as practised in Europe; including complete instructions for Manufacturing Champagne Wine, and the most approved methods for making a variety of Cordials, Liquors, Punch, Essences, Bitters and Syrups, together with a number of Recipes for Fining, Flavoring, Filtering and Coloring Wines and Liquors, and instructions for Restoring and Keeping Ale and Cider. Also, containing the latest improvements for Manufacturing Vinegar by the Quick Method. To which is added a collection of Descriptive Articles on Alcohol, Distillation, Maceration, and the Use of the Hydrometer; with Tables, Comparative Scale, and 14 important Rules for Purchasing, Reducing and Raising the Strength of Alcohol, &c. Illustrated with descriptive diagrams and engravings. The whole adapted for the Use and Information of the Trade in the United States and Canada. By John Rack, Practical Wine and Liquor Manufacturer. Bound in cloth, price $3 00.

CABBAGING OF COAT-TAILS BY SNIP, THE TAILOR. —If Snip, the tailor, were to cabbage the tails of the devil's imps, as represented in the engraving, where might they get them renewed?—At a rum-shop; for it is there they retail bad spirits.

CLARENCE BOLTON. A New York story, with city life in all its phases. This is one of those fascinating tales of city life that gives an insight into every class of society. Price, 25 cents.

THE YOUNG DEBATER AND CHAIRMAN'S ASSISTANT. Containing instructions how to form and conduct Societies, Clubs and other organized Associations. Also, full Rules of Order for the government of their Business and Debates; together with complete directions how to compose Resolutions, Reports and Petitions, and the best way to manage Public Meetings, Celebrations, Dinners and Pic-Nics, also instruction in elocution, with limits on debate. Compiled from the "Finger-Post to Public Business." To any one who desires to become familiar with the duties of an officer or committee-man, in a Society or Association, this work will be invaluable, containing as it does the most minute instructions about everything that pertains to the routine of society business. 152 pages, paper cover, priee 30 cts.; bound in boards with cloth back, price 50 cts.

HE following anecdote is related of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, of Manchester, England, who is said to have had an irritable temper:

"The churchyard was surrounded by a low parapet wall, with sharp ridged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body, and was one of the favorite feats of the neighboring boys. The practice greatly annoyed Joshua; and one day, while reading the burial-service at the grave-side, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain, by abruptly giving an order to the beadle, to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral-service: 'And I heard a voice from heaven, saying—knock that black rascal off the wall!'"

The air which for about forty miles surrounds our earth has a definite weight; and though we can neither see nor feel it, we are conscious of its presence by the momentary operation of breathing. The weight of a column of air one inch square, and forty miles high, is about fifteen pounds. The reason why we are not crushed down by this enormous weight is because we are surrounded on all sides by it, and as the pressure or weight is equal all around, it becomes, as far as we are personally concerned, insensible.

That the air *does* exert a definite pressure, in consequence of its weight, may be easily proved by anyone with the above simple apparatus—only a tumbler and a sheet of paper. Fill a tumbler quite full of water, and carefully draw over its top a sheet of clean letter-paper, and be careful to see that there are no bubbles of air in the water; place your hand over the paper while inverting it, and when the glass is mouth downward the water will be kept in, until the paper becomes wet through. The air pressing against the mouth of the tumbler is of greater weight than the contained water, and so, until some air can get in to supply the place of the water, it cannot fall out.

HARD WORDS MADE EASY. Rules for Pronunciation and Accent; with instructions how to pronounce French, Italian, German, Russian, Danish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, and other foreign names. Price 12 cents.

The following essay on "The Ox" is from a young contributor, just as it came from his pen :

"Oxen is a very slow animal, they are good to break ground up. i would drather have horses if they didn't have kolick, which they say is wind collected in a bunch, which makes it dangerser for to keep horses than an ox. If there was no horses the people would have to wheal thare wood on a whealbarrow. It would take them two or three days to wheal a cord a mile. Cows is useful to. I have herd som say that if they had to be tother or an ox they would be a cow. But i think when it cum to have thare tits pulled of a cold mornin they wood wish they wasn't, for oxen don't generally have to raise calves. If i had to be enny I wood drather be a heffur, but if i coodent be a heffur and had to be both I wood be an ox. ISAAC SPINKER."

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS OR CHECKERS, Simplified and Explained. With practical Diagrams and Illustrations, together with a Checker-Board, numbered and printed in red. Containing the Eighteen Standard Games, with over 200 of the best variations, selected from the various authors, together with many original ones never before published. By D. Scattergood. Bound in cloth, with flexible cover, price 50 cents.

Why are you more like a carpenter than I am ?

Because you are a deal plainer.

"Why will you persist in wearing another woman's hair on your head ?" asked Acid of his wife.

She retorted : "Why will you persist in wearing other sheep's wool on your back ?"

In remitting sums of One Dollar or over, a Post-Office Money-Order, payable to Dick & Fitzgerald, is the safest means when it can be obtained. The Post-Office Department recommends, in case a money-order cannot be had, that the money be sent in a *registered* letter. There are, as yet, only a certain number of local post-offices where money-orders are issued ; but *all* postmasters are obliged to *register* letters when called on to do so.

VERYBODY has heard of the Scotchman who went to a lawyer once for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case.

"Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred ?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh ! ay, sir," replied he ; "I thoot it best to tell ye the plain truth. Ye can put the lies into it yoursel'."

GRACE WELDON ; or, The Pretty Milliner. This is a story about the Sewing Girls of Boston. Full of Fun and adventure. Any person who desires to read a lively story should not fail to get this work. Price 25 cts.

old friend Marsden was a landlord of some note, and he was famed for queer stories, especially when a little set up, some of which are remembered round here — though they are unfortunately of a kind that will not do to print. It is too bad that the best things said should be of a nature to debar their publication ; but such always has been the fact, from the early wits till now. Mrs. Marsden was a very inquisitive woman, and was always anxious to know something about every stranger that sojourned within their gates. The old man was often annoyed by her inquiries, though he tried to give her correct answers ; but at last patience and information gave out together, and he drew upon his fancy for facts. One day, two strange-looking men stopped at the house, and Mrs. M. was immediately on the anxious seat to know something about them, and the next evening, while engaged in an innocent game of euchre with her worthy husband, seeing the same gentlemen in the next room, she opened her battery as follows :

"Mr. Marsden, who are them strange-looking men ?"

"Who ?—them ?" he replied, pointing his thumb toward them.

"Yes, them," rather tartly.

"Oh ! them are two chaps—one from Egypt and the other from Jerusalem—goin' to give an exhibition up here."

"Air they ? Well, they'll fail, sartin. Why, 'tis nothin' but exhibitions all the time—circuits and furbelows, and some kind o' jimcracks or other. Better do suthin' useful, they had."

"But this is a religious exhibition," said the old man ; "a Scripteral illustration like, you know."

"A which ?"

"A sort of Scripteral thing—like Bunyin's Pilgrimage."

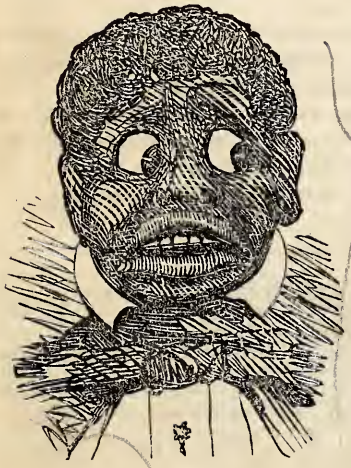
"Ah ! indeed ! What is it ?"

"Why," said he, "they are goin' to exhibit the sling that David killed Goliath with. 'Tis a little thing, and terribly out of repair. The strings are gone and the leather all rotted away, and there's nothing left but the hole."

The old lady was very indignant, and she never inquired about anybody for a fortnight.

DEALER—"Now, there's a good little 'oss I can warrant. He's a clever, perfectly-trained, snaffle-bridled hunter, and fast; up to twice your weight across any country. Sold for no fault; well-bred and powerful; high-couraged, but good-tempered, and temperate with hounds. Quiet, and free from vice. Winner of many races; out of constant work; perfectly sound; grand action, and thoroughly broken. Goes well in single or double harness; has run wheeler and leader in a team; will work in a cart, plough, or harrow. Never out of his place; a capital jumper; never made a mistake in his life over bank, timber, water, stone-wall, hill or vale country. Best lady's 'oss in the country; been ridden charger; plenty of quality and manners; splendid mouth; doesn't shy; never stumbles; good walker and fast trotter; excellent park hack; never sick nor sorry since he was foaled; subject to any vet's examination; and to be sold for a song!"

CUSTOMER—"Ah! I'm doubtful he's scarcely enough of a 'oss for me. If he could only trap rabbits, manage foreign and fancy poultry, rear pheasants, do a little plain gardening, milk and look after a cow and a pig, wait at table, teach in the Sunday-school, and play the organ in the church as well; why, I wouldn't mind having him on trial for a time—eh?"



"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' lass Sunday?"

"How you know I hab a watch?" "Bekase I seed the chain hang out the pocket in front." "Go way, nigger! s'pose you see a halter round my neck, you tink dar is horse inside ob me?"

"Sambo, can you tell me what difference there is between a Northern and a Southern man?"

"No, bones."

"Why, because the Northern man blacks his own boots, and the Southern man boots his own blacks."

THE REASON WHY: Natural History. By the author of *Inquire Within; The Biblical Reason Why, etc.* This volume answers about 1500 questions, giving reasons for hundreds of curious and interesting facts in connection with Natural History, and thowing a light upon the peculiar habits and instincts of the various orders of the Animal Kingdom. More real knowledge can be obtained from this book than from twenty dry works on the same subject. 12mo, cloth, gilt side and back, price $1 50.

A home missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, "because I have preached so much *without notes*."

MAMMA—Why, that's your Uncle Charles, just come back from Europe; why don't you kiss him, Ellen?

ELLEN—Why, ma, I don't see any place!

THE AMERICAN BOY'S BOOK OF SPORTS AND GAMES. A Repository of In and Out-Door Amusements for Boys and Youths. Containing 600 large 12mo. pages. Illustrated with nearly 700 engravings, designed by White, Herrick, Weir, and Harvey, and engraved by N. Orr. This is, unquestionably, the most attractive and valuable book of its kind ever issued in this or any other country. It was three years in preparation, and embraces all the sports and games that tend to develop the physical constitution, improve the mind and heart, and relieve the tedium of leisure hours, both in the parlor and in the field. The engravings are in the first style of the art, and embrace eight full-page ornamental titles, illustrating the several departments of the work, beautifully printed on tinted paper. The book is issued in the best style, being printed on fine sized paper, and handsomely bound. Extra cloth, gilt side and back, extra gold, bevelled boards, price $3 00.

A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of the souls of men into animals. "Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but a horse never."

THE REASON WHY OF GENERAL SCIENCE. A careful collection of some thousands of Reasons for things, which, though generally known, are imperfectly understood. Being a book of Condensed Scientific Knowledge. It is a complete Encyclopedia of Science; and persons who never had the advantage of a liberal education may, by the aid of this volume, acquire knowledge which the study of years only would impart in the ordinary course. It explains everything in Science that can be thought of, and the whole is arranged with a full index. A large volume of 346 pages, bound in gilt, muslin, and illustrated with numerous wood-cuts. Price $1 50.

ONUNDRUMS.

Why is a bridegroom worth more than the bride? Because she is given away, and he is sold.

Why is a man hung better than a vagabond? Because he has visible means of support.

What is the key-note to good-breeding? B natural.

Why is a happy husband like the Atlantic cable? Because he is spliced to his heart's content.

Why should there be more marriages in winter than in summer? Because in winter the gentlemen require comforters and the ladies muffs.

What would this world be without a woman? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even ruled.

When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tide.

Why is it so easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

Why are poultry the most profitable stock to keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.

What is the difference between a wealthy toper and a skilfull miner? One turns his gold into quarts, the other turns his quartz into gold?

Which of the inmates of the ark paid most attention to their toilet? The fox and the cock; for they took their brush and comb.

Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with the stone? Such a thing had never entered his head before.

Who was Jonah's tutor? The whale who brought him up.

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters? Because they never saw.

When are soldiers like blacksmiths? When they are drilling and filing.

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog? One wears a shirt, the other pants.

What became of Lot when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt? He took a fresh one.

Why is a mad bull an animal of convivial disposition? Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

When was Ruth very rude to Boaz? When she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

What is the difference between the labors of a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.

Why ought a greedy man wear a plaid waistcoat? To keep a check upon his stomach.

What is that which can often be found where it is not? Fault.

When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

Why is the human windpipe like the Pope's anathema? Because it is a neck's communication (an excommunication).

When is a newspaper the sharpest? When it is filed.

When is a carpenter like a circumstance? When he alters cases.

What length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

What is that thing, and the name of a bird, which if we had not we should die? A swallow.

In a railway accident, what is better than presence of mind? Absence of body.

What is it we all frequently say we will do and no one has ever yet done? Stop a minute.

Why is a list of musical composers like a saucepan? Because it is incomplete without a Handel.

Why is it impossible for a man to boil his father thoroughly? Because he can only be par boiled (pa boiled).

What is the difference between a good governess and a bad one? One teaches miss, and the other misteaches.

Why is the printing press like the forbidden fruit? Because from it springs the knowledge of good and evil.

Why is the treadmill like a true convert? Because its turning is the result of conviction.

You eat it, you drink it, deny who can;
It is sometimes a woman and sometimes a man?
A toast.

Which is the most wonderful animal in a farmyard? A pig, because he is killed first and cured afterward.

What is the difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse? One goes better when it is tired; the other don't.

If a man and his wife go to Europe together, what is the difference in their mode of travelling? He goes abroad and she goes along.

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't go a step farther.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets.

Book of Riddles and 500 Home Amusements. Containing a Choice and Curious Collection of Riddles, Charades, Enigmas, Rebuses, Anagrams, Transpositions, Conundrums, Amusing Puzzles, Queer Sleights, Recreations in Arithmetic, Fireside Games and Natural Magic, embracing Entertaining Amusements in Magnetism, Chemistry, Second Sight and Simple Recreations in Science, for Family and Social pastime. Illustrated with sixty engravings, paper covers, price 30 cts.; bound in boards, with cloth back, 50 cts.

Live and Learn. A guide for all those who wish to speak and write correctly; particularly intended as a Book of Reference for the solution of difficulties connected with Grammar, Composition, Punctuation, etc., etc., containing examples of 1,000 mistakes of daily occurrence, in speaking, writing and pronunciation. 216 pp., cloth, 12mo., price 75 cents.

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman, the other day, to a negro waiter at a hotel. "How in the name of wonder did you get so black?"

"Why, look here, massa, de reason am dis: de day dis chile was born there was an eclipse."

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship. And if you have none, why, love somebody else's sister.

OME years ago, there were two Arkansas lawyers. They were good old fellows, and were members of the Hard-Shell Baptist church, for a wonder—or for effect, just as you like it—and were each called "judge." And they hated cats just as much as country editors hate each other.

Court was being held in the town of L——, and our two judges (Clark and Thomas) were in attendance.

The town of L—— consisted of a court-house, built of logs, and surrounding forest, which was also of logs.

The jail, as I said before, was built of logs, and was without a foundation. It was a one-story building, and it is said the prisoners used to dig themselves out with the ace of spades. But I always thought that the rumor had no more foundation than the jail had.

The house was quite a large structure. The partitions which divided the rooms of the hotel were of logs, and guiltless of chinking and daubing.

They used to make splendid corn-dodgers at that hotel; the best I ever ate. In fact, there was but one objection to the corn-dodgers, and I only discovered that the morning I left. It was this—the dogs were allowed to sleep in the meal-chest.

But, to my story. It had been a hot day. The judge upon the bench had been hot; the lawyers had warmed with their subjects until they had become perfectly fiery; the sheriff, poor fellow! had "cried" both at the opening and closing of the court, and, of course, he was warm too; several *fieri facias* had been issued—though many of the fiery faces were attributable as much to a portable billiard saloon, which was kept in a gallon jug back of the court-house, as to the weather. The jury had disagreed, and you may be sure they were warm. So you see I was right in saying it had been a hot day. Supper was hastily swallowed, and everybody being tired, became unattired, and sought rest in sleep.

But, to my story. The beds were "shake downs," six or eight in a room. Judge Clark lay with his head to the north, on one side, and Judge Thomas lay with his head to the south, on the other side of the room. So far as that room was concerned, it might be said that their heads represented the north and south pole, respectively.

All the other beds in the room were occupied. In the centre of the room was a comparatively large space of neutral ground, in which the occupants of the different beds had equal rights. Here, in picturesque confusion, lay the boots, hats, coats, and breeches of the sleepers. There were no windows, and though the door was open, there being no moon, the night was very dark in that room.

And now to my story. It was a peaceful scene. The wily lawyers, who had been contumacious as wild pigs through the day, were now the very incarnations of meekness; for when the hungry swarms of mosquitoes settled down and bit them on the one cheek, they slowly turned the other to be bitten also.

But hush! hark! A deep sound strikes the ear like a rising knell. "Me-ow-ow!"

Judges Clark and Thomas were wide awake, and sitting bolt upright in an instant. Again the startling cry.

"Ye-ow, Ye-ow!"

"There's a d—d cat!" whispered Clark.

"Scat, you!" hissed Thomas.

Cat paid no attention to these demontrations, but picked himself a softer spot on the log upon which he was sitting, and gave vent to another yowl.

"O Lor!" cried Clark; "I can't stand this. Where is she, Thomas?"

"On your side of the room somewhere," replied Thomas.

"No, she's on your side," said Clark.

"Ye-ow-ow-ow!"

"There, I told you she was on your side," they both exclaimed in a breath.

And still the yowl went on.

The idea now entered the heads of both the lawyers that by the exercise of certain strategy they might be enabled to execute a flank movement on the cat, and totally demoralize him. Practically, each determined to file "a motion to quash" the cat's attachment for that room.

Each kept his plan to himself, and in the dark, unable to see each other, prepared for action. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the same plan suggested itself to both. In words, this plan would be about as follows: The yowler is evidently looking and calling for another cat, with whom he has made an appointment. I will imitate a cat, and this cat will come toward me, and when he has arrived within reach, I'll blaze at him with anything I can get hold of, and knock the music out of him.

So each of the portly judges, as noiselessly as cream comes to the surface of milk, hoisted himself on his hands and knees, and, hippopotamus fashion, advanced to the neutral ground occupying the centre of the room. Arrived there, Judge Clark selected a boot-jack, and Judge Thomas a heavy cowhide boot, from the heap, and settled themselves down to the work. Clark tightened his grip on the boot-jack, and, throwing up his head, gave vent to a prolonged and unearthly "ye-ow-ow!" that would have reflected credit on ten of the largest kinds of cats.

"Aha!" thought Thomas, who was not six feet away, "he's immediately close around. Now I'll inveigle him." And he gave the regular dark night call of a feminine cat.

Each of the judges now advanced a little closer, and Clark produced a questioning "ow-ow!" Clark answered by a reassuring "pur-ow! pur-ow!" and they advanced a little more.

They were now within easy reach, and each, imagining the cat had but a moment more to live, whaled away, the one with his boot, the other with his boot-jack. The boot took Clark square in the mouth, demolishing his teeth, and the boot-jack came down on Thomas's bald head just as he was in the midst of a triumphant "Ye-ow!"

When lights were brought, the cat had disappeared; but the catastrophe was in opposite corners, with heels in the air, swearing blue streaks.

A couple went to the Rev. —— to get married. Mr. —— is something of a wag, and, by an innocent mistake, of course, began to read from the prayer-book as follows: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and has but a short time to live," etc. The astonished bridegroom exclaimed: "Sir, you mistake; we came to be married."

"Well, if you insist I will marry you; but believe me, my friend, you had much better be buried."

How to Cook and How to Carve. Giving plain and easily understood directions for preparing and cooking, with the greatest economy, every kind of dish, with complete instructions for serving the same. This book is just the thing for a young housekeeper. It explains everything about the art of cooking. Most cook-books give long-winded directions for making ridiculously expensive dishes; but this is a plain and economical guide for those who wish to get up a good square American meal. It is worth a dozen of expensive French books. Paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.

SHE CAN'T GET THAT ON—THE THING IS BODILY IMPOSSIBLE.

Athletic Sports for Boys. A Repository of Graceful Recreations for Youth, containing clear and complete instructions in Gymnastic, Limb Exercises, Jumping, Pole Leaping, Dumb-Bells, Indian Clubs, Parallel Bars, the Horizontal Bar, the Trapeze, the Suspended Ropes, and the manly accomplishments of Skating, Swimming, Rowing, Sailing, Horsemanship, Riding, Driving, Angling, Fencing, and Broadsword. The whole splendidly illustrated with 194 fine wood-cuts and diagrams. Bound in boards, with cloth back, 75 cents; bound in cloth, gilt side, $1 00.

ETER SHARP, a very funny man, signally failed in the description of a book he put up in selling a library at auction. He had not read very much in books — Sharp hadn't; but he scanned the titles, trusted to luck, and went ahead: "Here you have Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*," said he; "how much am I offered for it? How much do I hear for the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! It tells where they come from, an' where they landed, an' what they done after they landed! Here's a picter of one of 'em goin' about Plymouth, peddlin', with a pack on his back."

How to Behave; or, The Spirit of Etiquette. A Complete Guide to Polite Society, for Ladies and Gentlemen; containing rules for good behavior at the dinner-table, in the parlor, and in the street; with important hints on introduction, conversation, etc. Price 12 cents.

TO FIND THE MEASUREMENT OF A BOX.

A box 24 by 16 inches square, 22 deep, contains 1 barrel.

"	24	16	"	11	"	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
"	16	16.8	"	8	"	1 bushel.
"	12	11.2	"	8	"	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
"	8	8.4	"	8	"	$\frac{1}{4}$ "
"	8	8	"	4.2	"	$\frac{1}{8}$ "
"	7	4	"	9.9	"	1 gallon.
"	4	4	"	4.3	"	$\frac{1}{4}$ "

The Matricide's Daughter. A Tale of the events which occurred in the city of New York twenty years ago. By Newton M. Curtis. This is a story of thrilling interest, containing a narrative of a mysterious crime and its consequences. It introduces the reader into all sorts of queer company from that of a forger and bogus-money maker, to the smart and cute lawyer, who is determined to make his fortune if possible. Price 25 cts.

Josh Billings says: "When a young man ain't good for nothing else, I like tew see him have a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

He sits in his chair from morning till night,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke;
He rises at dawn his pipe to light,
Goes puffing and chewing with all his might
Till the hour of sleep. 'Tis his delight
To smoke, chew, smoke.

The quid goes in when the pipe goes out,
'Tis chew, chew, chew;
Now a cloud of smoke pours out from his throat,
Then his mouth sends a constant stream afloat,
Sufficient to carry a mill or boat—
'Tis chew, chew, chew.

He sits all day in a smoke or fog,
'Tis puff, puff, puff;
He growls at his wife, the cat, and the dog;
He covers with filth the carpet and rug,
And his only reply when I give him a jog
Is puff, puff, puff.

The house all o'er, from end to end,
Is smoke, smoke, smoke;
In whatever rooms my way I wend,
If I take his old clothes to patch and mend,
Ungrateful perfumes will ever ascend
Of smoke, smoke, smoke.

At home or abroad, afar or near,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke.
His mouth is stuffed from ear to ear,
Or puffing the stump of pipe so dear,
And his days will end, I verily fear,
In smoke, smoke, smoke.

Young ladies, beware! live single indeed
Ere you marry a man who uses the weed;
Better that husbands you ever should lack, O,
Than marry a man who uses tobacco!

THE PLATE OF CHOWDER. A Dish for Funny Fellows. By the Author of *Mrs. Partington's Carpet-Bag of Fun.* Appropriately illustrated with 100 comic engravings. 12mo., paper cover, price 25 cents.

A revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man, who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of the old revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he:

"Fellow-citizens: I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—"

Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat-tail, and interrupted him with: "Did you say you had fout the British and the Injins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you say you slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"I did."

"Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?"

"I did," said the speaker, exultingly.

"Well, then," said the sovereign, as he gave a sigh of tearful emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow; for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country."

BEVY of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, arithmetic, etc. The next got reading, spelling, and definitions.

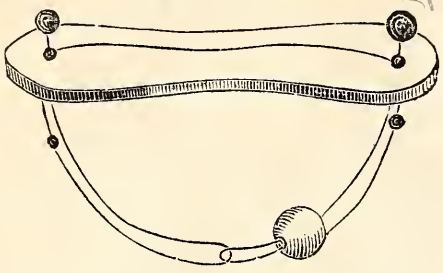
"And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that moment slyly driving a tenpenny nail into a door-panel.

"Me? Oh! I gets r e a d i n', spellin', and spankin's."

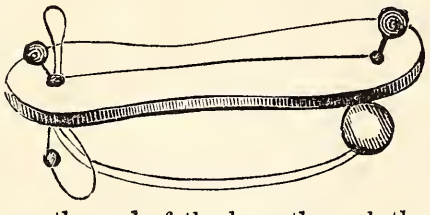
"My son," said an anxious father, "what makes you use that nasty tobacco?" The boy, declining to consider the question in the spirit in which it was asked, replied: "To get the juice."

In remitting sums of One Dollar or over, a Post-Office Money-Order, payable to Dick & Fitzgerald, is the safest means when it can be obtained. The Post-Office Department recommends, in case a money-order cannot be had, that the money be sent in a *registered* letter. There are, as yet, only a certain number of local post-offices where money-orders are issued; but *all* postmasters are obliged to *register* letters when called on to do so.

Get the cover of a small cigar-box, or any other thin board, about five inches long, and cut it out the shape of the engraving. Then arrange the strings and balls as shown in the same.



The trick is to get the large ball off the string without untying it or removing any of the smaller balls.



Push the ball close up to the wood, and pull the loop of string down through, as far as it will come; then pass the end of the loop through the hole in the wood and over the pellet, as here shown. The two loops will then separate, and the ball can easily be taken off.

The knots beneath the wood prevent the loops being pulled through by the pellets.

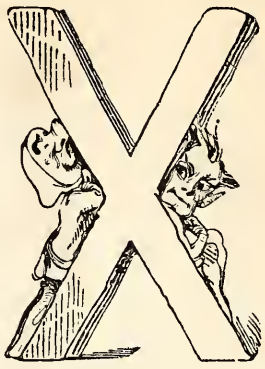
MIND YOUR STOPS. Punctuation made plain, and Composition simplified for Readers, Writers, and Talkers. This little book is worth ten times the price asked for it, and will teach accurately in everything, from the diction of a friendly letter, to the composition of a learned treatise. Price 12 cents.

An orator, in appealing to the "bone and sinew," said: "My friends, I am glad to see around me the hardy yeomanry of the land; for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, fellow-citizens! for I was born a farmer; the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocation of a son of the soil. In fact, to speak figuratively, I may say I was born between two rows of corn!"

"A pumpkin, by thunder!" exclaimed an inebriate chap, just in front of the stage.

THE BOOK OF 1,000 TALES AND AMUSING ADVENTURES. Containing over 300 engravings and 450 pages. This book is crammed full of narratives and adventures of Travellers, the romantic tales of the Celebrated Warriors, Amusing Stories in Natural History, besides a thousand things relating to curious tricks, entertaining sports, pastimes and games. In this capital work we have our old friend, Peter Parley, again, and he tells his stories as well as ever. Price $1 50.

BIBLICAL REASON WHY. A Hand-Book for Students, and a Guide to Family Scripture Readings. Beautifully illustrated. Large 12mo, cloth, gilt side and back. This work gives 1494 Reasons, founded upon the Bible, and assigned by the most eminent Divines and Christian Philosophers, for the great and all-absorbing events recorded in the History of the Bible, the Life of our Saviour and the Acts of his Apostles. Price $1 50.



TRAORDINARY old Dick Walker used to tell some tough yarns about his wanderings. He was an old trapper, and, having seen old times, was a privileged character. An admiring crowd had gathered around Dick while he related the following:

"One day, I was out huntin' in the Rockies, an', gettin' a leetle out o' the reg'lar course, I at last fotched up at the foot of the tarnalest, highest mountain I ever seed. I thought I'd crawl to the top an' take a look to see whar I war. Well, I continued on fur about a week, an' at last got to the top. But couldn't see nowheres an' nothin'; fur I wur up too high. All on a suddent, a notion took me to fire off ole Roarer—this gun—an' see if I couldn't skeer up somethin'. But not sein' anything arter the fire, I concluded to load up. Wall, it jest so happened it war about the time of the new moon, an' she war a sailin' majestically by me, an' havin' nowheres else to put the powder-flask (ye see thar war no trees up so high), I jest flung the string o' the flask round the pint o' her horn, and perceded with the rest o' the job. But by cracky! when I'd rammed the ball home, an' retched for the flask, it warn't thar—the moon had been goin' all the time, an' war a good way off."

"Ha! ha!" laughed one of the listeners, thinking he had the old fellow in a tight place, "what did you do then without your powder?"

"Why," said Dick, I jest waited till she kim round the next night, an' tuk it off."

ARTS OF BEAUTY; or, Secrets of a Lady's Toilet. With Hints to Gentlemen on the Art of Fascinating. By Madame Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeldt. Cloth, gilt side. This book contains an account, in detail, of all the arts employed by the fashionable ladies of all the chief cities of Europe, for the purpose of developing and preserving their charms. Price 75 cts.

RANK BROWN, the comedian, used to tell of an honest Philadelphia German who got excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, and exclaimed:

"If my vife runs avay mit anoder man's vife, I vill shake him out of her preeches, if she be mine fadder, mine Got."

"Parents," said a solemn preacher, "you have children; if you have not, your daughters may have."

BRIDAL ETIQUETTE. A Sensible Guide to the Etiquette and Observance of the Marriage Ceremonies; containing complete directions for Bridal Receptions, and the necessary rules for bridesmaids, groomsmen, sending cards, etc., etc. Price 12 cents.

A little boy, residing in a village where the small-pox was prevalent, vaccination, its merits and effects, were the theme of talk. Sunday morning Georgie started for Sunday-school. During the exercises, the teacher asked Georgie if he had ever been baptized. Small-pox and vaccination happening to be uppermost in Georgie's mind, and being rather too young to know the difference between the sound of "baptized" and "vaccinated," and being ashamed to be thought ignorant, promptly and rather pompously answered: "Yes, sir; I have been baptized five or six times; but it never took."

Your nose and eyes your father gave, you say;
Your mouth your grandsire; and your mother meek
Your fine expression; tell me now, I pray,
Where, in the name of Heaven, you got your *cheek?*

DON'T look at the girls; they can't bear it. They regard it as an insult. They wear their waterfalls, feathers, furbelows, and frills merely to gratify their mammas—that's all.

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

EXTRA! You can have any Book you see advertised, sent to your address, post-paid. You can have any article you wish, that cannot be obtained in the City or Town where you reside, sent to your address, lower than you could buy it yourself. Do you wish anything from New York? If you do, read our instructions to customers on page 1, of this Catalogue.

TO FIND A NUMBER THOUGHT OF.

FIRST METHOD.

	EXAMPLE.
Let a person think of a number, say .	6
1. Let him multiply by 3, . . .	18
2. Add 1, ...	19
3. Multiply by 3, ...	57
4. Add to this the number thought of, .	63

Let him inform you what is the number produced; it will always end with 3. Strike off the 3, and inform him that he thought of 6.

SECOND METHOD.

	EXAMPLE.
Suppose the number thought of to be .	6
1. Let him double it, ...	12
2. Add 4, ...	16
3. Multiply by 5, ...	80
4. Add 12, ...	92
5. Multiply by 10, ...	920

Let him inform you what is the number produced. You must then, in every case, subtract 320; the remainder is, in this example, 600; strike off the two ciphers, and announce 6 as the number thought of.

THE BELLE OF THE BOWERY. An entertaining history of life in and around New York—showing how young women who have no home get along, and how young greenhorns are changed into Bowery boys, etc. A rich, amusing, and highly entertaining story. Price 25 cts.

A photographer in Massachusetts was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked: "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many there were at the party: "The two Crogans was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who was four?" Let me see"—counting his fingers—"The two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three, and—and—be-dad there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it is meself has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, meself was three, and—and—be me sowl, I think there was but three after all."

EAST LYNNE; or, The Earl's Daughter. By Mrs. Ellen Wood. "This is a tale of remarkable power. It displays a force of description and a dramatic completeness which has seldom been surpassed. The interest of the narrative intensifies itself to the deepest pathos. The closing scene is in the highest degree tragic, and the whole story exhibits unquestionable genius and originality." Large octavo, price 75 cents.

A somewhat conceited clergyman, who was more celebrated for the length of his sermons than for their eloquence or theology, once asked the venerable Archdeacon Hale what he thought of one just preached.

"Well, sir," replied the brusque doctor, "I liked one passage extremely well."

"Indeed, Doctor! Pardon me for asking you which passage you refer to. I am really happy to meet with your approval even in one instance."

"Well, my dear sir," replied the Archdeacon, "the passage I refer to was that from the pulpit to the vestry-room."

THE POET'S COMPANION. A Dictionary of all Allowable Rhymes in the English language. This is a book to aid aspiring genius in the Composition of Rhymes, and in Poetical Effusions generally. It gives the Perfect, the Imperfect, and the Allowable Rhymes, and will enable you to ascertain to a certainty whether any word can be mated. It is invaluable to anyone who desires to court the muses, and is used by some of the best writers in the country. Price, 25 cents.

RED S—— gives us a specimen of practical joking, that we publish hesitatingly, as we do not wish to encourage this sort of thing:

"The Seven Pollies and Twin Brothers lay side by side in the dock at Long Wharf, and right ahead of them was the Good Intent, all coasters, but from different localities, the Seven Pollies having the inside berth. Captain Winkle, her master, had invited the masters of the other two to dinner on roast goose.

"'Come and dine with me,' he said; 'and I will show you some of the best cookery you ever saw.'

"'Done,' was the reply; and it was settled.

"The day came, the best goose in the market had been selected, and the party met in the cabin of the Seven Pollies.

"In the meantime, there was a little by-play going on on deck. Queerboy, captain of the Twins, thought he would like to run a saw on Winkle, and therefore laid in with the cook to have a codfish nicely baked, and when opportunity offered to exchange it for the goose. The change occurred, and when the cook of the Seven Pollies, after dishing the goose, had gone forward to speak to some one who had hailed him from the Good Intent, the cook of the Twins stepped aboard, placed his baked codfish under the cover, where the goose reposed waiting to be called, and took the bird on board his own vessel. At this moment there was a call from the cabin:

"'Doctor'—all marine cooks are doctors—'bring in the goose.'

"The cook felt that he had a character at stake, and had laid himself out accordingly. He therefore came in bearing the big covered dish, with bits of green stealing out beneath it like a beard, and placed it on the board with a smiling brow.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said Captain Winkle, pausing before he lifted the cover, as if he wished to defer the pleasure as long as possible, 'I will show you a goose. Halloo! Here, Doctor, what the devil is this?'

"'Goose, sir,' said the cook from the rear of the circle.

"'Well, look here, you black son of a gun, and see if it is a goose.'

"He looked at the object till his eyes seemed ready to protrude, and he almost turned white; for there before him, brown and crisp, was a nicely-baked codfish.

"'Golly, captain,' said he, 'dat was a goose, shu, when I lef de galley.'

"'You lie, you black rascal,' shouted Winkle, hurling a plate at him, which he dodged, and rushed on deck.

"'Winkle, my dear fellow,' said Queerboy, with a grave expression, 'this acting is unnecessary. Don't hurt the poor darkey. If you didn't have a goose, why not say so? I myself had a goose prepared for my own dinner; but I am just as well satisfied with codfish, and I dare say Laurens is. 'Tis a good joke, and I shall never see a codfish that I shan't think of Captain Winkle's goose. But come and dine with me tomorrow, and I'll show *you* the real article.'

"Winkle was unhappy, but made the best of it, and next day went to dine on the Twins. 'Twas a fine bird, tender as a chicken, that they had; but as the party separated, Winkle's cook took him aside, and said: 'Massa cap'n, I donno but our skewers is in dat goose. Guess dey stole 'im.'

"Winkle saw it with the naked eye."

If you want to buy any kind of good cheap books, send to the great publishing house of Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Their house published books twenty years ago, and all books ordered from them are promptly sent by Mail, post-paid, the same day they receive the order for them. Read their list of books in these pages, and send for some of them. Copies of any books in this catalogue sent free of postage on receipt of price. Send cash orders to Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers, New York. In remitting, send post-office money-order when it can be obtained.

Very few people are aware of the height of a stove-pipe hat. A good deal of fun may be had by testing it in this way: Ask a person to point out, on a wall, about what he supposes to be the height of an ordinary hat, and he will place his finger usually at about a foot from the ground. You then place a hat under it, and, to his surprise, he finds that the space indicated is more than double the height of the hat. The height of a common flour-barrel is just the length of a horse's face, and much fun may be derived from getting a company to mark the supposed height of a flour-barrel. In nine cases out of ten, they will mark many inches too high.

THE ORPHAN SEAMSTRESS. A Narrative of Innocence, Guilt, Mystery and Crime. By the author of *Caroline Tracy*. This narrative of events in New York is especially interesting, as it alludes to incidents which every newspaper reader must remember. Price 25 cts.

An old gentleman, who was living with his sixth wife, and who had always been noted for the ease with which he managed his spouses, on being asked to communicate his secret, replied: "It is the simplest thing in the world. If you want to use a woman up, just let her have her own way all the time. There never was a woman born could stand that a long while."

LOCAL OR RELATIVE TIME. — Local time is that which is shown by our common clocks. It indicates the time at any given place, the meridian of that place being the standard from which it is reckoned; therefore, the time or the clocks at any two places will differ by the difference of their meridians. Thus, when it is noon at New York, or when the sun is on its meridian, the sun at that instant at Washington is east of the meridian of that place, because the meridian of New York is east of Washington; therefore, the clocks at Washington will be earlier or slower than those in New York, by the time the sun takes to go from the meridian of New York to the meridian of Washington—viz., 12 minutes, 2 seconds. Hence, when it is 12 o'clock M. at New Orleans and St. Louis, it is 1 o'clock P.M. at Philadelphia, which is a difference of one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude. By this regulation, the sun is made to come to the meridian of every place about 12 o'clock. It is incomprehensible to many how it can be true that the sun rises and sets at the same time at all places on the same latitude around the world. The difference of local time will account for this. It is not to be understood that when the sun rises at Boston at 6 o'clock, that it is then, at that instant of absolute time, rising at every place on the same latitude; but that at all places on that latitude, when the sun rises, it will be 6 o'clock by the time-pieces of those places. The sun will go from the horizon of Philadelphia, west to the horizon of St. Louis, in an hour.

Mr. Muggins, having heard that "burglars were around," is drying his gunpowder (which has become slightly damp with the recent heavy rains), to give them (the aforesaid burglars) a warm reception. A manifestation may be looked for at any moment.

THE LAWS OF LOVE. A complete Code of Gallantry. Containing concise rules for the conduct of Courtship through its entire progress, Aphorisms of Love, Rules for Telling the Characters and Dispositions of Women, Remedies for Love, and an Epistolary Code. 12mo., paper, 25 cents.

OT many months ago, a Philadelphia friend, who rejoiced in the name of Comfort, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive Quaker widow, named Rachel H—, residing on Long Island. Either her griefs were too new or her lover too old, or from some other cause, his offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked that it was the first modern instance he had known where "Rachel refused to be Comfort-ed."

YALE COLLEGE SCRAPES; or, How the Boys Go it at New Haven. This is a book of 114 pages, cotaining accounts of all the famous "Scrapes" and "Sprees" of which the students at old Yale have been guilty for the last quarter of a century. Price, 25 cents.

HOW TO AMUSE AN EVENING PARTY. A complete collection of Home Recreations, including Round Games, Forfeits, Parlor Magic, Puzzles and Comic Diversions; together with a great variety of Scientific Recreations and Evening Amusements. Profusely illustrated with nearly 200 fine wood cuts. Price, 30 cents.

EPITAPHS.

On a person named Chest:

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The one of them is very good;
Who says so of the other?"

On a very old man:

"He lived to 105 because he was strong;
100 to 5 you don't live as long."

COURTENEY'S DICTIONARY OF ABBREVIATIONS: Literary, Scientific, Commercial, Ecclesiastical, Military, Naval, Legal, and Medical. A book of reference—3,000 abbreviations—for the solution of all literary mysteries. By Edward S. C. Courteney, Esq. This is a very useful book. Everybody should get a copy. Price, 12 cents.

EARLY in the history of the State of Georgia, one of the Circuit Judges was Bela Brown, an ancestor of the recent "secesh" governor of that name. He was a man of ability and integrity; but, like a good many distinguished persons of that day, he loved a social glass; and whenever a member of the bar would turn in and help, he sometimes drank to excess and became gloriously fuddled. On one occasion, while travelling on circuit, he reached the village of Dayton, Dooly county, where the court was to be opened next day, and took quarters with a relative of his wife, that lady accompanying him. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the place, kept by one Sterritt, where he met a number of his legal friends. A convivial evening was passed; drinks frequently went round, and somewhere about midnight, the Honorable Bela was in a state of mind quite the reverse of that implied by the old saw—"sober as a judge." When he was leaving for home, one of the young lawyers, in a spirit of mischief, slyly passed some spoons from the tumblers into the Judge's pocket.

On dressing himself next morning, the eccentric official, putting his hand into his pocket, was greatly perplexed in discovering three or four silver spoons.

"My God! Polly," said he to his wife, "just look here; I believe I've stolen some of Sterritt's spoons!"

"Let's see them," says the wife. "Yes, sure enough—here's his veritable initials. Pray, how did you happen to have them in your pocket?"

"I think I must have been drunk when I came home, wasn't I?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes," replied the devoted Polly; "you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"Certainly; I can understand easy enough how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest liquor in the State; but I never supposed that to drink it would make a man steal."

The spoons were duly returned to the landlord, and the Judge went and opened his court, thinking no more of the matter. Several days elapsed, and the business of the court was drawing to a close, when one morning a rough-looking customer was arraigned before his Honor for larceny. He pleaded guilty; but said in mitigation that he was drunk at the time he committed the offence.

"What is the nature of the charge against the man?" inquired Judge Brown.

"Stealing money from the till at Sterritt's tavern," replied the clerk.

"Young man," said the Judge, solemnly, "are you sure you were intoxicated when you took this money?"

"Yes, yer Honor, I was so jolly drunk that things looked like they was dancing double shuffles; and when I went out doors, the ground kept coming up and hitting me in the head."

"That will do," replied the Judge. "But tell me, did you get all the liquor you drank at Sterrit's?"

"Every drop of it, your Honor."

"And so you got tipsy on his liquor, and then stole his money?"

"That's it exactly; I didn't know what I was doing."

Turning to the prosecuting attorney, the worthy magistrate said: "This is a most extraordinary case, Mr. Attorney, and one, I think, demanding the clemency of the court. You will therefore do me the favor of entering a *nolle prosse.* That liquor of Sterritt's, I have reason to know, is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it myself the other night, and stole all his spoons. If Sterritt will sell such abominable stuff, he ought not to have the protection of this court. You may release the prisoner. Mr. Sheriff."

THE DIARY OF A DETECTIVE POLICE OFFICER. This batch of Stories was written by the famous London Detective, "Waters," and has had an immense sale. It is wonderful to read about the tricks, disguises, and stratagems of this shrewd officer to accomplish his extraordinary arrests, and bring a lot of cunning rogues to justice. Sometimes "Waters" got into what is called a "tight place," and was glad to escape with his life; but he generally managed to "nab" his prey before they found out who he was. Large octavo, price 75 cents.

She wore a handsome crinoline the day when first we met,
And she scudded like a schooner with a cloud of canvas set;
As she swept along the pavement, with a grandeur "fit to kill,"
Oh! we saw her but a moment—but we think we see her still.

The wind was on a bender, and as saucy as a witch,
And played the very dickens with dust, dimity, and "sitch;"
The gaiters were delicious, which her small feet scarce could fill;
Oh! we saw her but a moment—but we think we see her still.

She scooted down the avenue, and streaming out behind
Her crinoline and muslin togs were romping in the wind;
To have kept them in position would have baffled twice her skill;
Oh! we saw her but a moment—but we think we see her still."

We shut our eyes tremendously—we did not want to see
A display of pretty ankles when it wasn't meant for me;
But until we lose our senses, regret we ever will
That we saw her but a moment—though we think we see her still.

BLUNDERS IN BEHAVIOR CORRECTED. A Book of Deportment for both Ladies and Gentlemen. By means of this book, you can learn the most difficult phases in Etiquette, or behavior in good society. It is very carefully written. Price, 10 cents.

An orthographical puzzle is in circulation which, it is said, many of the literary men in Boston and vicinity have been unable to write without making mistakes. Perhaps some of our readers would like to test their friends with the experiment. The sentence looks simple; but if it is merely read aloud, many may find themselves puzzled to write it correctly. It reads thus: "It is agreeable business to perceive the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled pear, which a sybil had stabbed with a poniard, unheeding the innuendoes of the lilies of a cornelian hue, when on Wednesday last they endeavored to separate a niece and aunt."

An up-country girl stepped to the window of the post-office in a Long Island village, a few days since, and asked for a letter.

"To what name?" was the inquiry.

"What name?" inquired the damsel, in a rage. "You're mighty inquisitive, to be sure!" and out she flounced.

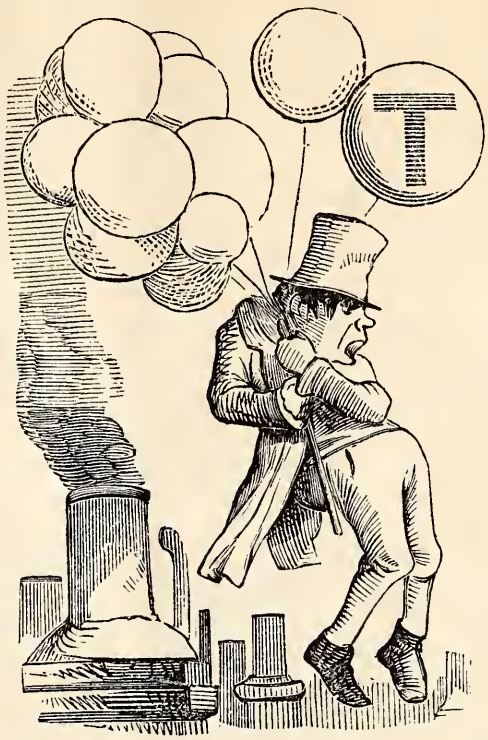
In remitting sums of One Dollar or over, a Post-Office Money-Order, payable to Dick & Fitzgerald, is the safest means when it can be obtained. The Post-Office Department recommends, in case a money-order cannot be had, that the money be sent in a *registered* letter. There are, as yet, only a certain number of local post-offices where money-orders are issued; but *all* postmasters are obliged to *register* letters when called on to do so.

AN IRISHMAN'S ANSWER.—A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by. They made a full stop, and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, raised the window, put his head out, and addressed them:

"What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the divil poke his head out of the windy."

FROST'S LAWS AND BY-LAWS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY. A condensed but thorough treatise on Etiquette and its usages in America. Containing plain and reliable directions for deportment on the following subjects: Letters of Introduction, Salutes and Salutations, Calls, Conversations, Invitations, Dinner Company, Balls, Morning and Evening Parties, Visiting, Street Etiquette, Riding and Driving, Travelling; Etiquette in church, Etiquette for places of Amusement; Servants, Hotel Etiquette; Etiquette in Weddings, Baptisms, and Funerals; Etiquette with Children, and at the Card-Table; Visiting-Cards, Letter-Writing, the Lady's Toilet, the Gentleman's Toilet; besides one hundred unclassified laws applicable to all occasions. This is a book of ready reference on the usages of society at all times, and on all occasions, and also a reliable guide in the details of deportment and polite behavior. Paper cover, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.



THE funny faculties of the celebrated humorist, "Mark Twain," were called into play at a dinner given by the Correspondents' Club at Washington. Mark was called on to respond to the usual toast of "Woman," which he did in the following characteristic style:

"Mr. President:—I do not know why I should have been singled out to receive the greatest distinction of the evening — for so the office of replying to the toast to woman has been regarded in every age. [Applause.] I do not know why I have received this distinction, unless it be that I am a trifle less homely than the other members of the club. But be this as it may, Mr. President, I am proud of the position, and you could not have chosen any one who would have accepted it more gladly, or labored with a heartier good-will to do the subject justice than I. Because I love the sex. [Laughter.] I love all the women, sir, irrespective of age or color. [Laughter.]

"Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman, sir. She sews on our buttons [laughter], she mends our clothes [laughter], she ropes us in at the church fairs, she confides in us; she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors; she gives us a piece of her mind sometimes—and sometimes all of it; she soothes our aching brows; she bears our children—ours as a general thing. In all the relations of life, sir, it is but just and a graceful tribute to woman to say of her that she is a brick. [Great laughter.]

"Wheresoever you place woman, sir—in whatever place or estate — she is an ornament to that position which she occupies, and a treasure to the world. [Here Mr. Twain paused, looked inquiringly at his hearers, and remarked that the applause should come in at this point. It came in. Mr. Twain resumed his eulogy.] Look at the noble names of history! Look at Cleopatra! look at Desdemona! look at Florence Nightingale! look at Lucretia Borgia! [Disapprobation expressed. 'Well,' said Mr. Twain, scratching his head doubtfully, 'suppose we let Lucretia slide.'] Look at Joyce Heth! look at Mother Eve! [Cries of Oh! oh!] You need not look at her unless you want to; but"—said Mr. Twain reflectively, after a pause—"Eve was ornamental, sir; particularly before the fashions changed! I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history. Look at the widow Machree!

look at Lucy Stone! look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton! look at George Francis Train! [Great laughter.] And, sir, I say it with bowed head and deepest veneration, look at the mother of Washington! she raised a boy that could not tell a lie—could not he? [Applause.] But he never had any chance. [Oh! oh!] It might have been different with him if he had belonged to a newspaper correspondents' club. [Laughter, and groans, hisses, cries of 'put him out.' Mark looked around placidly upon his excited audience, and resumed.]

"I repeat, sir, that in whatsoever position you place a woman, she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart, she has few equals and no superiors [laughter]; as a cousin, she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable distemper, she is precious; as a wet-nurse, she has no equal among men. [Laughter].

"What, sir, would the people of the earth be without woman? . . . They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce! Then let us cherish her; let us protect her; let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance! [Laughter.]

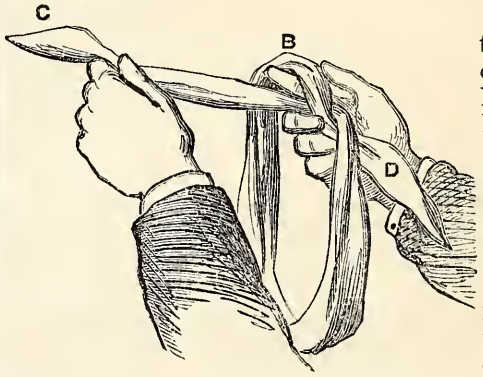
"But, jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is loveable, gracious, kind-hearted, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially in this bumper of wine, for each and every one of us has personally known, and loved, and honored the very best of them all—his own mother!" [Applause.]

THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE, AND KITCHEN DIRECTORY. Containing original and valuable Recipes in all the various branches of Cookery; together with a collection of miscellaneous Receipts and Directions, relative to the duties of housewifery. This valuable book embraces 378 Receipts for cooking all sorts of American dishes in the most economical manner; and besides these, it also contains a great variety of important secrets for washing, ironing, cleaning, scouring and extracting grease, paint, stains, and iron-mould from cloth, muslin, and linen. Taking this book as a whole, it is one of the cheapest and best books that we offer for sale. Bound in ornamental paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.

AN honest Dutchman, who lived in Pittsburgh, Pa., long before railroads were invented, got his living by carrying up freight from Philadelphia in a large covered wagon. The boys (clerks) had once fooled him by sending an empty box to Pittsburgh, directed to an imaginary personage, and Hans used to tell the following droll incident:

"Von day, ven I kits my vagon in de top of de mountain, he sticks fast in der moot; vell, I have to take off all der goots pefore I get him out; in takin' off der goots, I cum to a very light parrel, and I say to mineself: 'Dare, dem tam boys in Macalaster's sthore in Filadelfy play on me annuder drick—dey send von empty parrel py me to Bittsburk.' Vell, I takes the parrel, and I puts him on his head up, and I sees him marked 'Violins.' Den I swear it vas von drick, because I knows dere vas no such man in all Bittsburk as Mishter Violins; and I kits so mat mit mineself for bein' made such a tam fool of dat I takes mine axe and I prake de empty parrel all into little smashes. Now, vat you dink vas in dat parrel marked to Mr. Violins? Fittles, sir—all full of fiittles, by tam. Vell, ven I kits to Bittsburk, I have to pay doo hoondred dollers to von little Frenchman, shoost because I did not know dat violin and fittle vas de same ding."

A very amusing trick, consisting in simply tying one knot with two ends of a handkerchief, and, by apparently pulling the ends, untying them again.



Take two ends of the handkerchief one in each hand—the ends dropping from the inside of your hands. You simply tie a single knot, when your hands and the handkerchief will be in the position shown in the cut. Instead of pulling the ends C and D, grasp that part marked B with your thumb and forefinger, dropping the end D, and pulling upon the end C and the bend B, when, instead of really tying, you loosen the knot.

All this should be done as quickly as possible, to prevent detection. Examine the engraving closely, and you will more readily understand the explanation.

New Series of Novels about Celebrated Highwaymen and Housebreakers. This thrilling new series of Novels embraces the Romantic Exploits and Adventures of Tom Ripon, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, Blueskin, and Tom King. All the wild, daring, and dashing scenes of robber-life, from the most perilous and astonishing adventures on the highway to the most exciting and curious incidents in the bower of love, are portrayed with a vividness of description that has never been excelled, either in the pages of Ainsworth or Reynolds. Over 250,000 of these works have already been sold. The following are the Novels contained in the new series:

CAPTAIN HERON; or, The Highwayman of Epping Forest. Price, 25 cents.

JONATHAN WILD'S STATAGEM; or, The Highwayman's Escape. Price, 25 cents.

THE HANGMAN OF NEWGATE; or, The Highwayman's Adventure. Price, 25 cents.

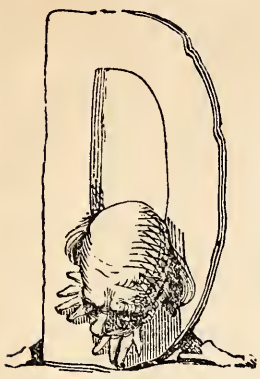
TOM RIPON; or, The Highwayman and Housebreaker. Price, 25 cents.

CLAUDE DUVAL AND HIS COMPANIONS; or, The Race on the Road. Price, 25 cents.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S RIDE TO YORK; or, The Death of Black Bess. Price, 25 cents.

BLUESKIN BAFFLED; or, The Highwayman's Trap. Price, 25 cents.

The above series of Novels are all well illustrated with interesting engravings, and have beautiful covers, printed in colors upon enamelled paper.



OWN in Dixie, a Confederate official, high in authority (whose name I will not mention, he having received a "special pardon" for his numerous political sins), not unfrequently went through the farce of an inspection of prison rations, quarters, etc. Upon such occasions he was usually accompanied by a number of staff-officers—gay young sprigs, the very flower of the capital—whose principal duty seemed to be "set up the animals," and show them off to such foreign diplomats and distinguished citizens as saw fit to accept an invitation to visit the "Yanks."

One morning, just after the prison had received a large accession of captive Yanks (owing to a recent "onward movement"), this high official, whom I will call "the judge," made his appearance, accompanied by the usual retinue of staff-officers and distinguished civilians. Among the late arrivals at Libby was a waggish down-easter, who didn't take at all kindly to prison fare or discipline. Upon the morning referred to, this officer was seated upon a box near one of the windows, apparently in a very melancholy mood. The judge, observing his disconsolate appearance, approached him, when the following conversation ensued, which was listened to by all who could crowd around:

Judge—"Good-morning, sir."

Yank (dolefully)—"G-o-o-d-morning, sir."

Judge—"Your impressions of the Confederacy do not seem to raise your spirits."

Yank—"Confederacy? What Confederacy?"

Judge—"Why, sir, this Confederacy—the Southern Confederacy."

Yank—"Do you mean to say that I am in the Southern Confederacy?"

Judge—"What do you mean, sir? Of course you are."

Yank (rising and button-holing the Judge)—"Stranger, you've taken a great load from my mind. I'll explain. You see, the last thing I remember before coming here was being in a fight, and since then I've been under the impression that I was killed in that fight, and that I went to hell; but I'm glad to know it's the Southern Confederacy, although if hell is any worse a place than this I pity traitors! Don't you?"

You may imagine the scene which followed; but it cannot be described. Such a roar of laughter! I am sure it did me more good than all the rations we received the next month.

THE EVERLASTING FORTUNE-TELLER AND MAGNETIC DREAM-BOOK. Containing the Science of Foretelling Events by the Signs of the Zodiac; Lists of Lucky and Unlucky Days; List of Fortunate Hours; the Science of Foretelling Events by Cards, Dice, Dominoes, etc.; the science of Foretelling anything in the Future by Dreams; and also containing *Napoleon's Oraculum*, or, The Book of Fate. Price, only 30 cents.

FIVE HUNDRED FRENCH PHRASES. A book giving all the French words and maxims in general use in writing the French language. It is a first-rate book of reference for persons writing for the press, or for writing a careful letter. Price, 10 cents.

The boomerang is a weapon used by the savages of Australia. By them it is made of a flat piece of hard wood. The peculiarity of this instrument is that in whatever direction it is thrown, it will return to the place from whence it started in a curve. The Australian aborigines use it with great dexterity, making it travel round a house and return to their feet, or they can throw it on the ground so that it will fly into the air, form a perfect arch over their heads, and strike them on the back. This curious instrument can be made in miniature, and is a very amusing toy for the parlor.

Fig. 1.

Get a piece of tolerably stiff card-board, and cut from it a figure resembling Fig. 1, and you will have a boomerang.

The next thing is to propel it through the air so that it will return to your feet. To do this, lay the boomerang on a flat book, allowing one end to project about an inch; then, holding the book at a slight angle, strike the projecting end of the boomerang with a piece of stick, or heavy penholder, as represented in Fig. 2, when it will fly across the room and return to your feet.

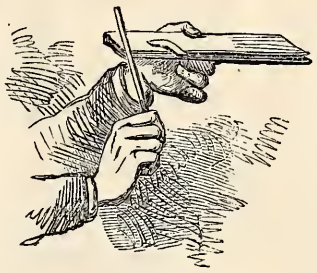


Fig. 2.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED HIGHWAYMEN.—*Claud Duval, the Dashing Highwayman.* Is full of the most comical, pathetical, tragical, dramatical exploits of a romantic personage, who imagined the world owed him a living, and that to rob was no sin, provided it was done in a very good-natured way. It contains 100 double-column large octavo pages. Illustrated. Price, 25 cents.

Life and Adventures of Dick Clinton, the Mysterious Highwayman. This is a narrative of the principal events in the carcer of a famous highway robber, whose face was never seen, even by his comrades. It was first thought that Dick was a gentleman in disguise; but he proved himself at last to be only a clever villain, born, brought up, and educated to crime. Price, 25 cents.

The Adventures of Tom King, and the Story of his Romantic Life. King was a noted English highway robber, and though he prided himself, when in disguise, on being a gentleman, yet he was but a heartless and sorry scamp. This story is connected with some love adventures, which make it doubly interesting. It is a book of 105 double-column 8vo. pages. Price, 25 cents.

Ned Scarlet, the Daring Highwayman. This is a lively, dashing work—the record of the marvellous deeds of one whose romantic adventurcs and daring exploits on the highway throw even the feats of the celebrated Turpin and Duval far into the shade. With numerous illustrations. Price, 25 cents.

Captain Hawkes; or, The Shadow of Death. A narrative of the strange exploits, daring crimes, and extraordinary adventures of a Robber Captain, showing how he managed to get money from his victims when they had none, and other curious and cruel manœuvres, for which he became distinguished and dreaded. The book is complete in 112 pages. Price, 25 cents.

Paul Clifford; or, the Reformed Highwayman. Being a veritable history of a personage who made a great stir in England during the last century, and who was the real hero of Bulwer's celebrated novel of *Paul Clifford.* Price, 25 cents.

Fearless Fred, a Companion to Claude Duval. A Book of 112 pages, full of his most remarkable and bold exploits and romantic adventures, prison scenes, life among the robbers, etc. It is the most entertaining narrative we ever read. Price, 25 cents.

We are told that there wan't enything made in vain; this is sum so, but how they were put together I never could tell; and there is one commershall peculiarity about the muskeeter trade, and that is, the supply always exceeds the demand, and yet the produksion is not diminished. I kant understand this no how. They are born of poor but industrious parinks, and are brought up with great care under the auspices of some of our first families. They have some impudence, and don't hesitate to stick their best friends with a bad bill. They have also consummit kurrage. I have known a single muskeeter to fite a man and his wife all nite long, and draw the first blood. It is very easy to kill musketoze when you can; but in striking them you are very apt to hit the place where they recently waz. They are cheerful little critters, singing as they toil.

"Say, Jube, what's good for de toof-ache?"

"Why, you got de toof-ache?"

"Oh! yes; I'b hab it berry bad for some time ahead."

"Well, Ike, I'll tell you what'll cure it shure. You just go down to de shoticary-pop, and get free cents' worth ob de green kind. Den bring it home and put it on one ob dem—"

"What, de flour-barrel?"

"No, no, Ike. I mean the skeekettle — oh! yes. Well, you must bile 'em for a quarter ob an hour. Hold! stop, stop!—let me see. No, don't you bile it more dan fifteen minutes. After dat, go and get free cents' worth of the short kind, and break it up in little long pieces. Den get free cents' worth of de long kind, and break it up in short pieces. Den put it all on de fire, and let it bile, and bile, and bile, till you bile it down to nuffin'. Den go to de barber's, and let him shave your head all off ov de wool. Den send for de greedinents, and spread it all ober your head. After dat, go right home, and sleep three weeks; and I'm shure dat will cure it certain."

"Look here, Jube—does you say dat will cure de toof-ache?"

"My gracious, Ike! I thought you said dat you had de head-ache!"

J. F. Smith's Celebrated Novels.—All the books in this list are splendid novels, and no one can make a mistake by ordering two or three of them. Mr. Smith's novels have had an immense circulation, and his popularity increases every day. His plots are all skillfully contrived, and the reader's interest is not allowed to slumber for a moment. Any person who is fond of exciting stories will be delighted with these. The following is a complete list of his works:

Lady Ashleigh; or, The Rejected Inheritance. Large octavo, 75 cents.

The Banker's Secret; or, Sowing and Reaping. Octavo, 75 cents.

Milly Moyne; or, Broken at Last. Large octavo, 75 cts.

Philip Blandford; or, How to Win a Sweetheart. Large octavo, 75 cents.

Dick Markham; or, Smiles and Tears. Octavo, 75 cents.

Lillian; or, The Adventures of an Heiress. Large octavo, 75 cents.

Harold Tracy; or, Phases of Life. Large octavo, 75 cts.

Bella Trelawney; or, Time Works Wonders. Octavo, 75 cents.

Charles Vavasseur; or, The Outcast Heir. Octavo, 75 cts.

Henry De-La Tour; or, The Comrades in Arms. Octavo, 75 cents.

Dick Tarleton; or, The Last of his Race. Octavo, 25 cts.

Marion Barnard; or, Lessons of Life. Octavo, 75 cts.

Fred Graham; or Masks and Faces. Octavo, 75 cents.

Woman and her Master. 228 octavo pages, 75 cents.

Fred Vernon; or, The Victim of Avarice. 325 octavo pages, $1 00.

Harry Ashton; or, The Will and the Way. 75 cents.

Ellen De Vere; or, The Way of the Will. 75 cents.

Fred Arden; or, The Jesuit's Revenge. Octavo, 75 cts.

Minnie Grey; or, Who is the Heir? 215 octavo pages, 75 cents.

Gus Howard; or, How to Win a Wife. 210 octavo pages, 75 cents.

Temptation; or, The Unknown Heiress. Large octavo, 75 cents.

Amy Lawrence; or, The Freemason's Daughter. 75 cts.

Stanfield Hall. A Romantic Historical Novel. 432 large 8vo. pages, $1 50.

Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, will purchase and forward to any part of the United States or Canada all kinds of Books, Cards, Stationery, Envelopes, Playing Cards, Letter and Note Paper, and Music. Send them a cash order, and see how promptly they will attend to it.

After a snow-storm, the following was perpetrated by a new beginner in poetry:

"Softly, softly, while we slept,
Came the snow-flakes gently down;
Came and sorrowfully wove
A shroud of white for the buried town.
We rose with feelings grand and intense,
And hired a middle-aged Anglo-African shovelist to clean our sidewalk off for fifty cents.

An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he; "for when I was two months of age I was the handsomest child in the neighborhood; but my nurse, to avenge herself upon my parents for some fancied injury at their hands, one day swapped me away for another boy belonging to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain."

How to Cook Potatoes, Apples, Eggs, and Fish Four Hundred Different Ways. The matter embraced in this work consists of the combined contents of four little books which have obtained immense popularity in France and England, and which have been thoroughly revised and adapted for American housekeepers by an American Cook of great experience. Our lady friends will be surprised when they examine this book and find the great variety of ways that the same articles may be prepared and cooked. The work especially recommends itself to those who are often embarrassed for want of variety in dishes suitable for the breakfast-table, or on occasions where the necessity arise for preparing a meal at short notice. Paper covers, price 30 cents; bound in boards, with cloth back, price 50 cents.

DIME SONG BOOKS.—This complete list of Song Books contains all kinds of Songs, embracing Love, Sentimental, Ethiopian, Scotch, Irish, Convivial, Comic, Patriotic, Pathetic, and Dutch Songs, besides a great variety of Stump Speeches, Burlesque Orations, Plantation Scenes, Negro Dialogues, Irish, Dutch, and Yankee Stories, Comic Recitations, Conundrums, Toasts, and Quaint Sayings. We send any of the list, free of postage, for 10 cents:

Gus Williams' Keiser, Don't Yer Want to Buy a Dorg Songster.
Van Hess's Just the Thing for Frank Songster.
Lew Benedict's Congress Broke Loose Songster.
Harry Richmond's My Young Wife and I Songster.
Harry Robinson's Don't You Wish You Was Me Songster.
Jonny Wild's What Am I Doing Songster.
Frank Kern's Pretty Little Dear Songster.
Harry Richmond's Not for Joseph Songster.
The Rootle Tum Tootle Tum Tay Songster.
Jenny Engel's Dear Little Shamrock Songster.
Tony Pastor's 414 Combination Songster.
Tony Pastor's Carte-de-Visite Songster.
Tony Pastor's Great Sensation Songster.
Rody Maguire's Comic Variety Songster.
Frank Brower's Black Diamond Songster.
Frank Converse's Old Cremona Songster.
George Christy's Essence of Old Kentucky.
Christy's New Songster and Black Joker.
The Irish Boy and Yankee Girl Songster.
Harding's Universal Songster.
Buell's Ku-Klux-Klan Songster.
Dave Reed's Sally Come Up Songster.
Sam Slick's Yankee Songster.
Champagne Charley Songster.
Billy Emerson's New Comic Songster.
Berry's Laugh and Grow Fat Songster.
Tony Pastor's Bowery Songster.
Tony Pastor's Waterfall Songster.
Tony Pastor's Opera-House Songster.
Tony Pastor's Own Comic Vocalist.
Tony Pastor's Comic Irish Songster.
Tony Pastor's Comic Songster.
Tony Pastor's Union Songster.
Paddy's the Boy Songster.
Bonnie Dundee Songster.
Will Carleton's Dandy Pat Songster.
Billy Emerson's Nancy Fat Songster.
Hooley's Opera-House Songster.
Sam Sharpley's Iron-Clad Songster.
Joe English's Comic Irish Songster.
Harry Pell's Ebony Songster.
Nelse Seymour's Big Shoe Songster.
The Lanigan's Ball Songster.
Tom Moore's Irish Melodies.
Billy Holmes' Comic Local Lyrics.
Fattie Stewart's Comic Songster.
Christy's Bones and Banjo Songster.
The Convivial Songster.
Heart and Home Songster.
Bob Hart's Plantation Songster.
Billy Birch's Ethiopian Songster.
The Shamrock; or, Songs of Ireland.
Harrison's Comic Songster.
The Camp-Fire Song Book.
The Charley O'Malley Irish Songster.
Fred May's Comic Irish Songster.
The Love and Sentimental Songster.
The Frisky Irish Songster.

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

A German, being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following: "I ish full. I wants no more moonish.

"JOHN SWACHAMMER."

An old lady, who recently visited Oneida, was asked, on her return, if the canal passed through that village. She paused a while, and answered: "I guess not—I didn't see it; and if it did, it must have gone through in the night, when I was asleep."

ARL VON DAM, an eccentric German, was noted for making and keeping good cider, and for his extreme stinginess in dispensing it to his neighbors. A Yankee resolved to try his hand on the old fellow, and coax a pitcher of cider out of him. He made him a call, and praised up his farm and cattle, and, speaking of his fine orchard, casually remarked: "I hear, Mr. Von Dam, that you make excellent cider."

"Yesh, yesh, I dosh. Hans, bring te cider-shug."

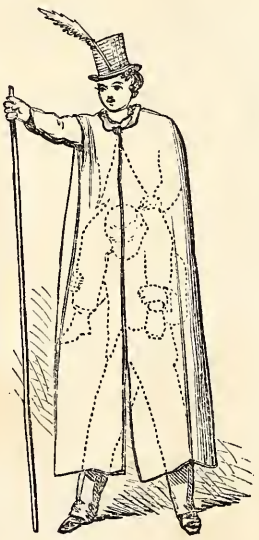
The Yankee was delighted at his success, and already smacked his lips in anticipation of good things to come. Hans brought up a quart jug of cider, and placed it on the table before his father. The old farmer raised it with both hands, and, gluing his lips to the brim, he drained it to the bottom; then, handing the empty jug to the thirsty Yankee, he quietly observed: "Dare, if you don't pleve dat ish goot cider, shust you shmell te shug."

HAVING A SURE THING.—Two persons agree to take, alternately, numbers less than a given number, for example, 11, and add them together till one of them has reached a certain sum, such as 100. By what means can one of them infallibly attain to that number before the other?

The whole artifice in this consists in immediately making choice of the numbers 1, 12, 23, 34, and so on, or of a series which continually increases by 11, up to 100. Let us suppose that the first person, who knows the game, makes choice of 1; it is evident that his adversary, as he must count less than 11, can at most reach 11, by adding 10 to it. The first will then take 1, which will make 12; and whatever number the second may add, the first will certainly win, provided he continually add the number which forms the complement of that of his adversary to 11; that is to say, if the latter take 8, he must take 3; if 9, he must take 2, and so on. By following this method, he will infallibly attain to 89, and it will then be impossible for the second to prevent him from getting first to 100; for whatever number the second takes, he can attain only to 99; after which the first may say, "and 1 makes 100." If the second takes 1 after 89, it would make 90, and his adversary may finish by saying, "and 10 makes 100." Between two persons who are equally acquainted with the game, he who begins must necessarily win.

In remitting sums of One Dollar or over, a Post-Office Money-Order, payable to Dick & Fitzgerald, is the safest means when it can be obtained. The Post-Office Department recommends, in case a money-order cannot be had, that the money be sent in a *registered* letter. There are, as yet, only a certain number of local post-offices where money-orders are issued; but *all* postmasters are obliged to *register* letters when called on to do so.

The Kentucky Giant is a trick that never fails to produce roars of laughter, when performed at an evening party. It is necessary to have two persons to represent the giant, and the method of enacting the part is best explained by the accompanying engraving. It will be seen that one boy puts on a long cloak, and perches himself upon the shoulders of his companion, who arranges the folds of the cloak so that the parts shown by the dotted lines in the illustration are entirely covered from the eyes of the spectators. The boy who does the head and shoulders of the giant should carry a long staff, as a cane, and if he wear a stove-pipe hat, with a feather in it, it will greatly *heighten* the effect. The giant's wife may also be represented by one person, with the assistance of a cane and piece of lath, the latter eighteen inches long, fastened about four inches from the top or end of the former, thus forming a cross. The person representing the giantess attires himself in an old dress. A long shawl is pinned over the lath, an old bonnet placed on the end of the cane, and the preparations are complete. The giantess usually walks into the room and pretends to look for a nail in the wall (this gives the performer an opportunity of concealing his face), and, after looking at the wall a minute or so, he stoops down as low as he can, at the same time being careful to lower the cane. He then gradually rises, until he stands on the tips of his toes, and as he does so, he as gradually raises the cane, with the bonnet and shawl upon it, until he appears to have touched the ceiling. The lath represents the shoulders of the giantess, the bonnet her head, and the cloak covers the whole deception. The giantess, if well done, is sure to be greeted with shouts of laughter.



She stood beside the counter,
The day he'll ne'er forget;
She thought the muslin dearer
Than any she'd seen yet.

He watched her playful fingers
The silks and satins toss—
The clerks looked quite uneasy,
And nodded to the boss.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,
Barege, and satin Turk,"
She said; "I want to purchase;"
Then gave the goods a jerk.

The clerk was all obedience;
He travelled "on his shape;"
At length, with hesitation,
She bought a yard of tape!

In the centre of a piece of leather, make two parallel cuts with a penknife, and just below, a small hole of the same width; then pass a piece of string under the slit and through the hole, as in the figure, and tie two buttons much larger

than the hole to the ends of the string. The puzzle is, to get the string out again without taking off the buttons.

Draw the narrow strip of leather through the hole, and the string and buttons may be easily released.

Tales of Border Adventure.—This splendid series of Novels embraces some of the most interesting tales ever written about the Trappers, Scouts, and Indian Hunters of the boundless Western prairies. These novels abound in scenes of danger and border adventure, and show the cunning and cruelty of the treacherous Indian. To those who delight in reading about Squatter Life, Indian Fights, and the gallant exploits of our Western Rangers and Riflemen, the books in this list wil be a great treat. The following are the names of the books in the series:

Silver Knife: or, The Hunters of the Rocky Mountains. By Dr. Robinson. 25 cents.
Pepe, the Scout; or, The Hunters of Sonora. 25 cents.
Black Hawk; or, the Ranger's Scalp. 25 cents.
The Hunter's Trail; or the Indian's Ruse. 25 cents.
The Ranger's Rifle; or, The Wolf of the War Path. 25 cents.
War Axe; or, The Redskin's Revenge. 25 cents.
Steel Arm; or, The Robbers and Regulators of California. 25 cents.
Big Goliath; or, The Terror of the Mines. 25 cents.
The Regulators of Arkansas. 25 cents.
Bill Johnson, the Outlaw of Arkansas. 25 cents.
Rawson, the Renegade. 25 cents.
The Red Scout; or, The Outlaw's Revenge. 25 cents.
Red Jack; or, The Scout's Rifle. 25 cents.
Byron Blonday; or, The Blue Ranger. 25 cents.
The Ranger of Ravenstream. 25 cents.
Patrol of the Mountain. 25 cents.
The Scout of the Silver Pond. 25 cents.
The Hunted Chief; or, The French Ranchero. 25 cents.
The Prairie Guide. A Tale of the War of 1812. 25 cts.
The Maid of the Saranac; or, The Rose of the Rio Grande. 25 cents.
The Woodman's Rifle. 25 cents.
Norwood; or, Life on the Prairie. By Ned Buntline. 25 cents.
The Red Right Hand. By Ned Buntline. 25 cents.
The Pale Lily. An Indian Tale. 25 cents.

A young poet out West, in describing heaven, says: "It's a world of bliss, fenced in with girls." Where's the man that won't repent now?

A judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

Bill Jones was going to get married, a day or two ago, and he forgot whar de minister libed; so he started to find him out, so as to hab him come to de house an' perform de marriage ceremony. So, arter gettin' along down the road for two or free miles, he became fearful ob gettin' on de wrong track. So he says to a big Dutchman, "I say, can you tell me where Mr. Swackelhammer, de preacher, lives?" and de Dutchman said: "Yaw. You just walk de road up to de creek, an' down the pritch over up shtreme; den you shust go on till you cum to a road vat vinds de voots around the school-house; but you don't take dat road. Vell, den, you go on till you meet a pig-pen shingled mit straw; den you durn de road round de field, and go on till you come to pig red house. Den you durn dat house around the barn, and see a road dat goes up in the voots. Den you don't take dat road too. Den you go straight on, and de fust house you meet is a hay-stack, and de next is a barrack. Vell, he don't live dere. Den you vill get a little furder, and you see a house on top de hill, about a mile, and you go in dere and ax de old vomam, and she vill tell you bedder as I can."

BOUND SONG BOOKS.—*Tony Pastor's Complete Budget of Comic Songs.* Containing a complete collection of the New and Original Songs, Burlesque Orations, Stump Speeches, Comic Dialogues, Pathetic Ballads, as sung and given by the celebrated Comic Vocalist, Tony Pastor. Cloth, gilt, price $1 25.

The Universal Book of Songs. Containing a choice collection of 400 new Sentimental, Scotch, Irish, Ethiopian and Comic Songs. 12mo., cloth, gilt, $1 25.

The Encyclopedia of Popular Songs. Being a compilation of all the new and fashionable Patriotic, Sentimental, Ethiopian, Humorous, Comic and Convivial Songs. The whole comprising over 400 Songs. 12mo., cloth, gilt, price $1 25.

Tony Pastor's Book of 600 *Comic Songs and Speeches.* Being an entire collection of all the Humorous Songs and Burlesque Orations as sung and given by Tony Pastor. 12mo., bound in boards, cloth back, price $1.

The Nightingale Songster; or, The Lyrics of Love. Containing 184 choice Sentimental Songs. Bound in boards, cloth back and illustrated cover, price 50 cents.

The Emerald; or, Book of Irish Melodies. Containing a choice collection of Irish Comic and Sentimental Songs. Bound in boards, with cloth back and illustrated cover, price 50 cents.

"The penalty for walking on a railroad track in England is £10," said one, while discussing the numerous fatal accidents on a railroad.

"Pooh," replied Uncle Jerry; "is that all? The penalty in this country is death."

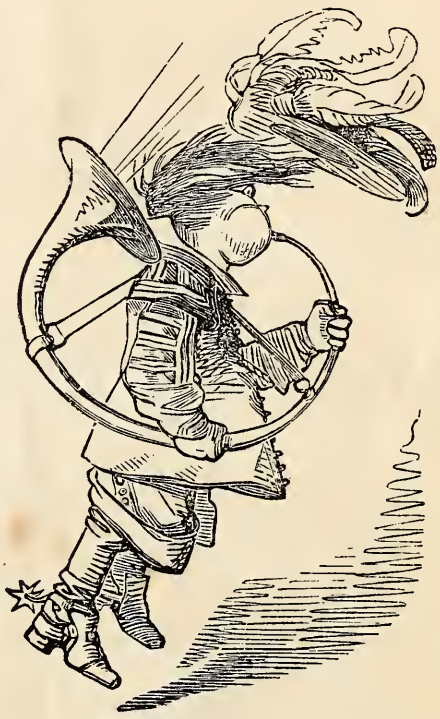
An English lady advertises: "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs."

Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush? Because it spoils the nap.

THE LADIES' GUIDE TO BEAUTY. A Companion for the Toilet. Containing practical hints on improving the complexion, the hair, the hands, the form, the teeth, the eyes, the feet, the features, so as to insure the highest degree of perfection of which they are susceptible. And also upwards of one hundred recipes for various cosmetics, oils, pomades, &c., &c. Paper, price 25 cents.

HOW TO GET A HORSE OUT OF A FIRE.—The great difficulty of getting horses from a stable where surrounding buildings are in a state of conflagration is well known. The plan of covering their eyes with a blanket will not always succeed. A gentleman, whose horses have been in great peril from such a cause, having in vain tried to save them, hit upon the experiment of having them harnessed, as though they were going to their usual work, when, to his astonishment, they were led from the stable without difficulty.

THE BOOK OF 1,000 COMICAL STORIES; *or, Endless Repast of Fun.* A rich banquet for every day in the year, with several courses and a dessert. Bill of Fare: Comprising Tales of Humor, Laughable Anecdotes, Irresistible Drolleries, Jovial Jokes, Comical Conceits, Puns and Pickings, Quibbles and Queries, Bon Mots and Broadgrins, Oddities, Epigrams, etc. Appropriately illustrated with 300 Comic Engravings. By the author of "Mrs. Partington's Carpet-bag of Fun." Large 12mo., cloth, price $1 50.



We do not wish to blow our own horn; but we assure our readers that this curious book combines the elements of fun, pathos and rare entertainment, with the most laughable conceits imaginable—the whole being interlarded with rich and ludicrous incidents, pertaining to every-day life. In short, if you want something to "drive away dull care," this is just it.

If you are one whose disposition's sour,
Look at this book—'twill cure you in an hour;
You'll laugh so loud, so heartily and jolly,
That you'll forget you e er was melancholy.

At a Fourth of July celebration in Marion county, Ill., a young lady offered the following toast: "The young men of America—their arms our support, our arms their reward; fall in, men, fall in."

"The ladies—God bless 'em! May their virtues exceed even the magnitude of their skirts, while their faults are still smaller than their bonnets."

"Hans, what do you think of signs and omens?"

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't pelieve averydings; but I dells you somedimes dere is someding in sooch dings ash dose dings. Now, de oder night, I sits und reads mine newspaper, und my frau she shpeak und say:

"'Fritz, de dog ish howlin'!'

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine paper, und mine frau she say:

"'Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen—de dogs ish howlin'!'

"Und den I gets oop mit mineself and looks out troo de vines on de porch, und de moon vas shining, und mine leedle dog he shoomp right up and down like averydings, und he park at de moon dat vas shine so bright as never vas. Und ash I hauled mine het in de winter, de old voman she says:

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish somedings pad ish happen. De dog is howlin'.'

"Vell, I goes to ped und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes up dere vas dat dog howl outside, und ven I dream, I hear dat howlin' vorser ash nefer. Und in de mornin' I kits oop und kits mine freestick [breakfast], und mine frau she look at me und say fery solemn:

"'Fritz, dere ish somedings ish happen. De dog vas howl all night.'

"Shoost den de newspaper comes in, und I opens him, und by shings! vat you dinks? dere vas a man died in Philadelphia!"

If you want to buy any kind of good cheap books, send to the great publishing house of Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Their house published books twenty years ago, and all books ordered from them are promptly sent by Mail, post-paid, the same day they receive the order for them. Read their list of books in these pages, and send for some of them. Copies of any books in this catalogue sent free of postage on receipt of price. Send cash orders to Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers, New York. In remitting, send post-office money-order when it can be obtained.

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

In a game of cards, a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing on a good deal.

What sailor's phrase is most applicable to seasickness? A vast heaving.

THE INDEPENDENT LIQUORIST; or, The Art of Manufacturing all kinds of Syrups, Bitters, Cordials, Champagne, Wines, Lager Beer, Ale, Porter, Beer, Punches, Tinctures, Extracts, Brandy, Gin, Essences, Flavorings, Colorings, Sauces, Catsups, Pickles, Preserves, etc. By L. Monzert, Practical Liquorist and Chemist. Every Druggist, Grocer, Restaurant, Hotel-keeper, Farmer, Fruit Dealer, Wine Merchant, and every private family shouk have e copy of this work. It gives the most approved methods, and a true description of the manner in which our most popular beverages are prepared, in such plain terms that the most inexperienced person can manufacture as well as the practical man, without the aid of any expensive apparatus. 12mo., cloth, price $3.

UR friend Blifkins came in the other morning. We had not seen him for some time, and were somewhat surprised to learn from him that he had been to France. He had been away on business, and had managed to combine business with pleasure, inasmuch as Mrs. B. was not with him. "I went unincumbered with baggage," he said, significantly.

After inquiring for sundry dignitaries, with whom we are on familiar terms, in France, we asked him if he had seen the Emperor. Oh! yes, he had seen him frequently—had, in fact, been spoken to by him, in one instance. This was, indeed, an honor, and we looked at the modest and unpresuming Blifkins, who, among so many unnoticed ones, had been so honored. His look bore no expression of pride, and he puffed his cigar that we handed him with the most quiet coolness.

"What did he say to you?" we asked.

"Well," said he, "one day I was at the Tuileries, and, as I was loafing along, I heard a cry—'L'Emperor!' and, looking along the path, I saw Napoleon, sure enough, riding toward me. Being near-sighted, and wishing to get a good view of him, I crowded as near as I could, when, stepping on a confounded pebble, I fell forward, right against his horse. The horse reared, and the Emperor cried out, in French: 'Get out of the way, you infernal jackass!' I understood him perfectly, and *got*, as directed, giving him no further occasion to address me."

Blifkins will have this incident to narrate to his children, and he deserves the distinction bestowed upon him.

ART OF DANCING WITHOUT A MASTER; *or, Ball-Room Guide and Instructor.* To which is added Hints on Etiquette; also, the Figures, Music and Necessary Instruction for the performance of the most modern and improved Dances. By Edward Ferrero. This work also contains 105 pages of the Choicest Music, arranged for the pianoforte by the most celebrated professors. The music alone, if purchased in separate sheets at any of the music stores, would cost ten times the price of the book. Price $1 50.

THE PARLOR STAGE. A collection of Drawing-Room Proverbs, Charades and Tableaux Vivants. By Miss S. A. Frost. These plays are intended solely for performance by a small party of friends, in private parlors, and require but little trouble or expense to render them effective. The Plays are all new and original. 368 pages, small 8vo., cloth, gilt side and back, price $1 50.

THE MYSTERIOUS ADDITION.—It is required to name the quotient of five or three lines of figures—each line consisting of five or more figures—only seeing the first line before the other lines are even put down. Any person may write down the first line of figures for you. How do you find the quotient?

86,214
42,680
57,319
62,854
37,145
286,212
67,856
47,218
52,781
167,855

When the first line of figures is set down, subtract 2 from the last right-hand figure, and place it before the first figure of the line, and that is the quotient for five lines. For example, suppose the figures given are 86,214, the quotient will be 286,212. You may allow any person to put down the two first and fourth lines; but you must always set down the third and fifth lines, and in doing so, always make up 9 with the line above.

Therefore, in the annexed diagram you will see that you have made 9 in the third and fifth lines with the lines above them. If the person you request to put down the figures should set down a 1 or 0 for the last figure, you must say, "We will have another figure," and another, and so on until he sets down something above 1 or 2.

In solving the puzzle with three lines, you subtract 1 from the last figure, and place it before the first figure, and make up the third line yourself to 9. For example: 67,856 is given, and the quotient will be 167,855, as shown in the above diagram.

NOVELS BY SAMUEL LOVER.—*Rory O'More.* This humorous novel has cracked many a side and convulsed many a countenance with laughter. 230 pages, octavo, illustrated, price 75 cents.

Handy Andy. Here is one of the most laughable novels ever written. The adventures of the hero is one continued string of ludicrous and comical blunders. He gets into all kinds of scrapes, and by his impudence and native wit extricates himself from the consequences. If you want a good hearty laugh, get this book and read it. cents.

Treasure Trove; or, Accounts with Irish Heirs: £ s. d. One of the most humorous works ever written. *Treasure Trove* speaks for itself to the hearts of all gay, jolly and mirth-loving folks. It is a great favorite with the public. Illustrated, 75 cents.

Legends and Stories of Ireland. First and second series, complete, including *Barney O'Rierdon.* 75 cents.

Tom Crosbie: His Adventures and Scrapes. This is a rollicking novel, and, like all the works by the same author, is full of wit and fun. Price 75 cents.

One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, went to court a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended the meeting he was taken down by hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

If you want any book you see advertised, send us the advertised price and you will receive the work by return mail. Our catalogue will be found to contain a good selection of works of all kinds, and in real merit and cheapness will be found unsurpassed.

ANY years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex county, whom we may call Rev. Mr. Coggswell, who had an old favorite servant named Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased as anybody else in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself.

Cuffee, on the Sabbath, might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking around with a grand air, and, so far as appearance indicated, profiting as much by his master's preaching as many others about him.

Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon, and he determined to do the same thing. So, in the afternoon, he brought a piece of paper and pen and ink.

The minister, happening to look down in his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his negro "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master.

When Mr. C. had reached home, he told Cuffee to come to his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Why, taking notes!" was the reply.

"You taking notes!"

"Sartain, massa; all the gentlemen take notes," replied Cuffee.

"Well, let me see the notes," said Mr. Coggswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it covered all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink, had run over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, massa," replied Cuffee, "I tho't so all de time dat you was preaching."

That was the first and last time that Cuffee took notes at meeting.

HOW TO DETECT ADULTERATION IN OUR DAILY FOOD AND DRINK. A complete analysis of the frauds and deceptions practised upon articles of consumption by storekeepers and manufacturers; with full directions to detect genuine from spurious, by simple and inexpensive means. Price 12 cents.

THE CHAIRMAN AND SPEAKER'S GUIDE; *or, Rules for the Orderly Conduct of Public Meetings.* Price 12 cents.

Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset, one day, in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

"You like plenty of nice things, don't you, Johnny? How many cakes did you have at the pastry-cook's yesterday?"

"Five: first a sponge-cake, then an almond-cake, then a currant-cake, then a sweet-cake, and then a stoma-cake."

THE COMBINATION FORTUNE-TELLER AND DICTIONARY OF DREAMS. Being a comprehensive Encyclopedia, explaining all the different methods extant by which good and evil events and questions of Love and Matrimony are foretold by means of Cards, Dice, Dominoes, Apple-parings, Eggs, Tea-leaves and Coffee-grounds; also, prognostications by Charms, Ceremonies, Omens and Moles, the Features and Form, Lines of the Hands, Spots on the Body, Lucky and Unlucky Days, etc.; to which are added a description of the Divining or Luck Rod, the Golden Wheel of Fortune, the Mystical Table or Chart of Fate, the Ladies' Love Oracle, Napoleon's Oraculum, the Language of Flowers, one hundred and eighty-seven weather signs, and a complete Dictionary of Dreams, with their interpretations, containing 430 pages, and illustrated with numerous engravings and two large colored Lithographs. The whole combining "Madam Le Normand's Unerring Fortune-Teller," "Fontaine's Golden Wheel Fortune-Teller," and "Madam Le Marchand's Fortune-Teller and Dreamer's Dictionary." 12mo., cloth, price $1 75.

Caution to the ladies—A silk dress should never be satin.

All should marry. Every I should have another I. One eye sees but half the world.

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle many a bier.

Hairy advance of position—From dangling at a horse's tail to dallying on a fairy's neck in a waterfall.

Man is a mister, and woman a mystery.

THE GAME OF WHIST; Rules, Directions and Maxims to be Observed in Playing it. Containing, also, Primary Rules for Beginners, Explanations and Directions for Old Players, and the Laws of the Game. Compiled from Hoyle and Matthews. With an explanation of Marked Cards, etc. 15 cents.

A contemporary says: "The first printers were Titans." We never knew that before; but we have seen a good many "tight 'uns" within our experience.

A man who was praising porter said it was so excellent a beverage that—taken in large quantities—it always made him fat.

"I've seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean."

"When?" asked the eulogist.

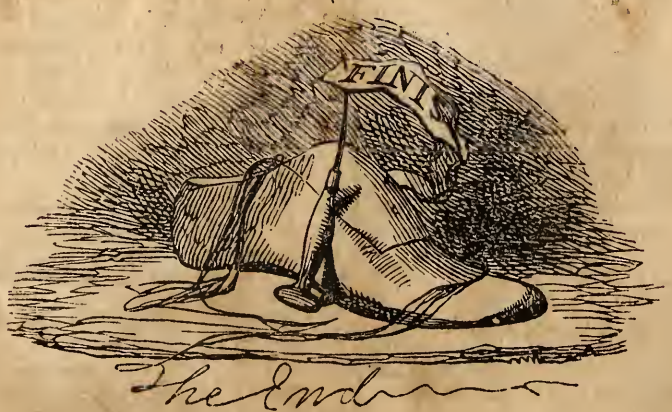
"Last Saturday night—against a post," he replied, with a smile.

In remitting sums of One Dollar or over, a Post-Office Money-Order, payable to Dick & Fitzgerald, is the safest means when it can be obtained. The Post-Office Department recommends, in case a money-order cannot be had, that the money be sent in a *registered* letter. There are, as yet, only a certain number of local post-offices where money-orders are issued; but *all* postmasters are obliged to *register* letters when called on to do so.

BLACK WIT AND DARKEY CONVERSATION. By Charles White. Containing a large collection of laughable Anecdotes, Jokes, Stories, witticisms and Darkey Conversations. Price 12 cents.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excresence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new graveyard, when the first remarked: "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live." "What an obstinate man!" said the second. "If my life is spared, I will."



71.2009.084.04072